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THE NOTE OF MODERNITY.

"There are still those who view all modern work with timorous suspicion," says a writer in a recent English periodical; "to them I would plead for a juster vision of the artistic possibilities which lie before us, in the near future; plead for a realization of the fact that modernity does not necessarily spell affectation, that novelty of technique and idea need not be ephemeral, but that the workers of every age must seek new tools, and that the age which is now on us calls for utterly different methods of expression from those of the past; plead also for recognition of the fact that the classics of tomorrow are being created to-day." The substantial soundness of the view thus expressed is obvious enough, and the history of genius exemplifies it in manifold instances. All art tends to become fossilized under the pressure of precept and tradition, and can save itself from death only by a succession of fresh departures. And every artist knows, as Wagner did,

"That art is still athirst
For water from the deep and living spring
Of nature, that of all its aims the first
Is beauty, that death's bondage it must burst
In every age anew, and boldly fling
Aside the ceremonies that about it cling."

Nevertheless, the writer whom we have quoted seems to be needlessly concerned. The "new thing," whether in literature or music or painting, is likely to get too large, rather than too small, a share of the attention of our curious and restless modern public. The time is past when a bright light could remain long concealed under a bushel, and the present danger is rather that we may mistake a farthing dip for a beacon. The artistic atmosphere is so surcharged with electricity that we get sparks from the most unexpected sources. We caught the conservative "Saturday Review" a few weeks ago complaining of Mr. Alfred Austin because — of all reasons! — his poems fail to strike the modern note as we hear it in the lucubrations of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells. When such a plaint is heard from such a quarter, we should say that the time had come, not to rally under the banner of modernity, but rather to champion more stoutly than ever before what has been tried and approved rather than what is experimental and of dubious worth.

Confining our attention to art in its literary manifestations, let us attempt some sort of analysis of what the term "modernity" means when thus used as a shibboleth or watchword. In the first place, it nearly always means some form of marked novelty in expression. No matter how shallow a writer's thought, and how empty his mind of all real ideas, if he can contrive to give his work a certain pungency by the use of strange vocables in unexpected collocations he will pass as an original thinker with readers who do not think for themselves. A deft employment of the catchwords of the clique, or of those phrases which are the ripples of the fashionable literary current, will win for him the reputation of being abreast of the latest thought. If, in addition to this journalistic instinct for actuality, he develop an aptitude for paradox, his admirers will multiply; for paradox always suggests, to minds that cannot sound its hollowness, concealed reserves of intellectual energy. If, finally, he become boldly radical, and denounce as prejudices the most cherished beliefs and the most solemn convictions of the serious-minded, he may become the founder of a cult and find himself invested with the robes of the prophet.

Some sort of novelty, then, achieved at no matter what cost of beauty or sanity, is an essential part of the equipment of the "modern" in literature. The semblance of freshness thus acquired, the pretence of original thought thus exploited, will impose upon many minds, and, to use Bismarck's famous description of Lord Salisbury, the "lath painted to look like iron" will deceive most careless observers. The courage which prompts this pose is that of ignorance rather than of conviction, but the credulity of those who accept it for what it appears may be trusted to bear the strain. It is from ignorance of the most invincible kind that these novelty-mongers derive their self-assurance, and it is the same proud possession that prevents their following from ever discovering how false are the gods of their worship. To make the pose complete, a herald of the new enlightenment must affect a scornful condescension toward his predecessors in the particular field he may have chosen, and he may rely upon his henchmen to better the instruction thus offered. So we sometimes witness the instructive spectacle of a Shavian or an Omarian patronizing the great poets and dramatists, of a Nietzschean or a Spencerian consigning all past philosophers to the rubbish-heap.

When we hear some contemporary writer acclaimed as a typical representative of the modern spirit, it means at best no more than

that he falls in with the intellectual fashion of the day, and is the puppet of his environment rather than a shaper of new issues. At worst, it means that he is a conscious time-saver rather than a devoted knight of the spirit. The favorite of the hour may seem to be the very incarnation of modernity—but it is for the hour only. Soon he will be seen to have been but a unit in a long procession of barely remembered figures, while some one of his contemporaries, unappreciated when living, may be seen to have been the truer modern, in the sense that his thought really anticipated the now realized future. It is not in the market-place, but in the den,

"In far retreats of elemental mind,"

that the problems are worked out whereby mankind grows in spiritual stature. In a broad sense, Goethe was the greatest of all the moderns, and we now understand this fact far better than it was ever understood when he was alive.

The conservative attitude toward literary innovation is doubtless the only safe one to assume, although a too rigid conservatism has its dangers also. But there is nowadays so much noisy trumpeting of unimportant writers that we shall be right nine times out of ten in viewing such cases with suspicion, and in remaining unperturbed by the clamor. Schopenhauer discoursed wisely upon many subjects, but upon none more wisely than upon this. By way of conclusion, we may suitably reproduce some of his words:

"The history of literature generally shows all those who made knowledge and insight their goal to have remained unrecognized and neglected whilst those who paraded with the vain show of it received the admiration of their contemporaries, together with the emoluments. . . . It is a prime condition for doing any great work—any work which is to outlive its own age, that a man pay no heed to his contemporaries, their views and opinions, and the praise or blame which they bestow. This condition is, however, fulfilled of itself when a man really does anything great, and it is fortunate that it is so. For if, in producing such a work, he were to look to the general opinion on the judgment of his colleagues, they would lead him astray at every step. Hence, if a man wants to go down to posterity, he must withdraw from the influence of his own age."

A NEW MASTER OF ENGLISH PROSE, AND SOME THEORIES OF VALUE.

In entering upon a somewhat extended consideration of the work of a new English writer, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, may we unmask ourselves at once with the frank avowal that we regard him as one of the greatest living masters of English prose, and his views of life as representing the most

enlightened and reassuring ideals of a groping and troubled age? If his books are not destined to outlast the pyramids, he will at any rate escape Libitina for many generations, and our literature is appreciably richer for his contributions. Moreover, it is safe to predict that Mr. Dickinson will come into his own not altogether slowly; for, despite the baneful sweep of utilitarianism, we do respond in some measure to the call of the ideal and the beautiful; despite disheartening and deadly failures, we feel that, even in our daily round, "Life it is that conquers and death it is that dies." If this is true, our Cambridge essayist may expect from his age a favorable verdict not long deferred, for in his pages the cause of Life and Hope and Beauty is pleaded with the convincing power of an able mind and the winning charm of an almost perfect style.

Before speaking as an advocate, however, he has examined as a judge; and his plea for the things which are better appears as a natural result of an investigation at once reasonable, penetrating, and sympathetic, into the world about him and the various standards of life. In his "Modern Symposium," for instance, we have as participants a tory, a liberal, a conservative, a socialist, an anarchist, a professor, a man of science, a poet, a gentleman of leisure, a member of the Society of Friends, and a man of letters; and in every case the speaker puts his views so well that the most ardent advocate of the particular doctrine or theory could hardly desire a more attractive exposition thereof. To take an extreme case of this clairvoyant sympathy with the views of others, let us write down part of a speech from the lips of Angus MacCarthy, the anarchist:

"Oh!" he broke out, "if I could but get you to see that this whole order under which you live is artificial and unnecessary! But we are befogged by the systems we impose upon our imagination and call science. We have been taught to regard history as a necessary process, until we come to think it must also be a good one; that all that has ever happened ought to have happened just so and no otherwise. And thus we justify everything past and present, however palpably in contradiction with our own intuitions. But these are mere figments of the brain. History, for the most part, believe me, is one gigantic error and crime. It ought to have been other than it was; and we ought to be other than we are. There is no natural and inevitable evolution towards good; no coöperating with the universe, other than by connivance at its crimes. That little house the brain builds to shelter its own weakness must be torn down if we would face the truth and pursue the good. Then we shall see amid what blinding storms of wind and rain, what darkness of elements hostile or indifferent, our road lies across the mountains towards the city of our desire. Then and then only shall we understand the spirit of revolution. That there are things so bad that they can only be burnt up by fire; that there are obstructions so immense that they can only be exploded by dynamite; that the work of destruction is a necessary preliminary to the work of creation, for it is the destruction of the prison walls wherein the spirit is confined; and that in that work the spirit itself is the only agent, unhelped by powers of nature or powers of a world beyond,—that is the creed—no, I will not say the creed, that is the insight and vision by which we of the Revolution live. By that I believe we shall triumph. But whether we triumph or no, our life itself is a victory, for it is a life lived in the spirit. To shatter material bonds that we may bind the closer the bonds of

the soul, to slough dead husks that we may liberate living forms, to abolish institutions that we may evoke energies, to put off the material and put on the spiritual body, that, whether we fight with the tongue or the sword, is the inspiration of our movement, that, and that only, is the true and inner meaning of anarchy."

How many of us ever dreamed of anarchy voiced in words like these? And yet MacCarthy is possibly the speaker with whom the master of the banquet (who is, of course, Mr. Dickinson *in propria persona*) has least sympathy. In our own experience, each new page left us more convinced that we were dealing with a man who had seen the whole in its parts and the parts in the whole, who had kept his feet upon solid earth while his eyes were turned to the signals from the heights, so that with each step we found ourselves more willing to follow his upward leadership. And the heights to which he leads us, or rather to which he invites us to climb by his side, are always beautiful, albeit occasionally dimly described by myopic eyes or not quite to be scaled by the wayfaring man. The greatest height, indeed, he himself never confidently achieves; for he concludes his dialogue on "The Meaning of Good," a search for reality, with a glorious allegorical vision, and waking from it says:

"So that I have had to go on ever since with the knowledge I then acquired, that whatever Reality may ultimately be, it is in the life of the affections, with all its confused tangle of loves and hates, attractions, repulsions, and, worst of all, indifferences, it is in this intricate commerce of souls that we may come nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest of which alone, as I believe, gives any significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure."

Accordingly, with his great Greek master and not a few others from the kings of thought, he seems to end his climbing in a cloud; but it is a cloud lightened by hope rather than darkened by despair, and enforces the thought that "They see not clearliest who see all things clear." To other peaks, however, he leads us, where the vista is as clear as it is beautiful, and even the paths through the lower lying valleys have their own appropriate charm.

The themes treated by Mr. Dickinson are not new, nor does the form of his treatment offer any innovation. Religion, the meaning of good, literature, art in general,—in short, the things of the mind and the spirit,—are treated in essay or dialogue or letter, and we do not need to be reminded that these forms were brought to artistic perfection in olden days. The fact is merely that having chosen immortal topics he has treated them with not less largeness of outlook than clearness of inward vision, and has exhibited unerring judgment and unfailing skill in adapting his form to his matter. Thus he is manifestly right in his feeling that a discussion of the meaning of good belongs "to the sphere of right opinion and perception, rather than to that of logic and demonstration, and seems therefore to be properly approached in the tentative spirit favoured by the Dialogue form"; nor can we refuse to agree that

this literary form comes closest to the interchange of actual conversation, "from which we gain our best lights on such a subject." The same unerring instinct or judgment leads him to put his contrast between Eastern and Western ideals ("Letters from a Chinese Official") in the form of letters from an enlightened Chinaman who has resided long in England without losing his affection for his native land and all that it represents. Howbeit, other men are writing on these same eternal subjects without failing to choose appropriate garb therefor, so that we are driven to the provocative statement that our author treats the themes with greater power than most of his contemporaries and makes the appropriate garb more beautiful. In the nature of things, it is impossible to justify such a statement by fragmentary excerpts and curtailed arguments; but we should be thoroughly surprised if many intelligent readers should rise from a perusal of Mr. Dickinson's works with any strong dissent from the judgment we have submitted.

Recognizing freely this impossibility, we must still face the duty of giving at least an adumbration of our author's position with reference to some of the central themes of life, and we may as well fail on Religion as on any other subject. His attitude, then, in marred and imperfect form, is about this:

I. Religious truth is attainable, if at all, only by the method of science. There is no "revelation" in the accepted usage of the term.

II. Religion is a "reaction of the imagination upon the world as we conceive it in the light at once of truth and of the ideal," which amounts to saying that religion is a certain attitude toward life, willing to recognize the helpfulness of ideas not based on definitely ascertained truth.

III. If this definition is too wide, we should consider that there is something between hope and faith, but nearer to the latter and called by its name, — an attitude of "active expectancy, the attitude of a man who, while candidly recognizing that he does not know, and faithfully pursuing or awaiting knowledge, and ready to accept it when it comes, yet centres meantime his emotional and therefore his practical life about a possibility which he selects because of its value or its desirability." In other words, for practically all men there must be a "volitional assumption," not based upon knowledge, as to the worth-whileness of existence, if life is to be most noble and most fruitful.

The objections to such a view were too manifest to escape our thinker, and he has stated them fairly, thereby relieving us from enlarging upon them; and we may merely point out that this is the faith not of an ecclesiastic but of a platonizing philosopher. And yet, with the more recent work of our author before him Mr. Gilbert Chesterton could not have written his flamboyant if futile chapter on Neo-Paganism. Mr. Dickinson does not attempt "merely to revive the pagan idea of a simple and rational self-completion." Rather, he looks for the tide of

noblest spiritual progress where the lustrous and rapturous river from the pagan springs of Love and Beauty and Wisdom meet the more sober stream of ideals from the fountain of Christianity. The last speaker in the Symposium, who "expressed himself in a style too intellectual for lovers of poetry, too metaphorical for lovers of philosophy," voices the thought in this glowing deliverance uttered in the glamor of the dawn.

"It is only in the soil of Paganism that Christianity can come to maturity. And Faith, Hope, Charity, are but seeds of themselves till they fall into the womb of Wisdom, Beauty, and Love. Olympus lies before us, the snow-capped mountain. Let us climb it, together, if you will, not some on the corpses of the rest; but climb at least, not fester and swarm on rich meadows of equality. We are not for the valley, nor for the forests or the pastures. If we be brothers, yet we are brothers in a quest, needing our foremost to lead. Aphrodite, Apollo, Athene, are before us, not behind. Majestic forms, they gleam among the snows. March, then, men in Man!"

If we add this half-mystic flight to the formal statement essayed above we shall probably draw as near to the inner sanctum as our philosopher-priest cares to allow the profane to approach without longer service; and even those who cannot accept his religion and worship in his spirit must feel their hearts quickened and their lives enlarged from visiting the courts of the temple by his side.

From his views on art and literature there will be fewer dissenters. Where can we find anything on letters more exquisite than the sentiments of our Chinese official?

"Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good, not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in Nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale, — to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call Literature."

Hardly less effective is the treatment of Art in the dialogue on "The Meaning of Good," a treatment almost as perfect in its way as the well-known stanzas quoted from the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" in the course of the discussion, to which we can only allude. Again, in the third or central chapter of the essays on Religion we may find the following thoughts on the contribution of architecture to religion.

"It has raised the material habitation of the Divine, and in doing so has reflected, I think, by a perhaps unconscious symbolism, the forms in which that Divine has been conceived. Surely, at least, one might question whether the difference between a classical temple and a Gothic church is to be attributed only to a difference of climate, or of technical skill and tradition. It would be a curiously happy chance, if it were merely chance, that made the house destined for the abode of one of the bright Olympians a palace of gleam-

ing marble set on a hill by the sea, perfect in form, brilliant in color, a jewel to reflect the sun and the sky, a harp for the winds to play upon, an incarnation of the spirit of the open air, of the daylight and of the blue heaven; while, for the mysterious Jehovah and the God Man His Son, there rose into gray and weeping skies huge emblems of the cross, crowned with towers aspiring to a heaven unexplored, and arched over huge spaces where the eye is lost in the gloom, where form is dissolved in vagueness, and the white light of day, rejected in its purity, is permitted to pass only upon condition that it depicts in sombre colors the pageant of the life of the soul. That architecture has, whether by chance or no, a symbolic value, as well as one purely and simply aesthetic, will not, I think, be disputed by those who are sensitive to such impressions; and, so regarded, architecture has been, and might be again, one of the chief expressions of religion."

One recognizes throughout the doctrine of Goethe that art rests fundamentally on a kind of religious sense, and therefore unites so readily with religion; but one recognizes also an insistence with Morris on the possibilities of an intimacy and tenderness of art that shall allow it to become more easily an integral part of our daily lives.

Foregoing the pleasure of commenting on other phases of Mr. Dickinson's works, we must content ourselves with a brief mention of his attitude to our own land. To the present reviewer he seems to be absolutely fair and candid, albeit his candor is of the unflinching sort. Far too many of his readers both in America and in England will be prone to find his final verdict in the speech of Arthur Ellis, the travelled journalist, and inasmuch as that contributor's arraignment of our "worship of acceleration" and our "doctrine of progress" is not less quotable than powerful, the reviewers and others will be sure to keep it before the public. Herein, however, we should be erring grievously; for Ellis, although the giver of the intellectual feast regards his attack as formidable, sits down amid a "hubbub of laughter, approval, and protest, confusedly mixed"; and a little later Sir John Harington, a gentleman of leisure interested mainly in art, takes up the journalist's diatribe with the expression of a strong hope that the better age for artistic interests may after all dawn in America. But from neither journalist nor artist should we accept our essayist's real views, which may be best understood from his own deliberate words in the introduction to the American edition of the "Letters from a Chinese Official."

"For it is impossible not to recognize that the destinies of Europe are closely bound up with those of this country; and that what is at stake in the development of the American Republic is nothing less than the success or failure of Western civilization. Endowed, above all the nations of the world, with intelligence, energy and force, unhampered by the splendid ruins of a past which, however great, does but encumber, in the old world, with fears, hesitations, and regrets, the difficult march to the promised land of the future, combining the magnificent enthusiasm of youth with the wariness of maturer years, and animated by a confidence almost religious in their own destiny, the American people are called upon, it would seem, to determine, in a preëminent degree, the form that is to be assumed by the society of the future. Upon them hangs the fate of the Western world."

One who did not know many sides of Cambridge would hardly be prepared to hear this voice from her

academic shades; but, having heard it, one feels no serious rebellion against this other assertion about America:

"For a century past she has drawn to herself, by an irresistible attraction, the boldest, the most masterful, the most practically intelligent of the spirits of Europe; just as, by the same law, she has repelled the sensitive, the contemplative, and the devout. Unconsciously, by the mere fact of her existence, she has sifted the nations; the children of the Spirit have slipped through the iron net of her destinies, but the children of the World she has gathered into her granaries. She has thus become, in a sense peculiar and unique, the type and exemplar of the Western world. Over her unnumbered plains the Genius of Industry ranges unchallenged, naked, unashamed."

With the spirit of these words from the aged university beside the Cam, who shall quarrel? Nay, is it not the best evidence of our strides toward healthful manhood that we have no longer the childish and neuralgic sensitiveness we manifested under the searching criticism of a gifted son from the sister university on the Isis? Such critics as Matthew Arnold and Mr. Dickinson must help us to receive "the spirit of the world that created manners, laws, religion, and art,—which is hovering even now at our gates in quest of a new and more perfect incarnation." Well will it be for us, and for the world at large, if this incarnation is achieved while our nation is yet young and time itself has not grown old.

For a consideration of Mr. Dickinson's style *per se*, we have little space remaining. However, the foregoing quotations have spoken for themselves, and we may limit our excerpts to one example of simple description, perhaps the most difficult form of artistically effective prose. It is introduced by the author in partial answer to the query as to what manner of men these Orientals are.

"Far away in the East, under sunshine such as you never saw (for even such light as you have you stain and infect with sooty smoke), on the shore of a broad river, stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands; but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or gray, modest, cheerful, and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift their blue or red-tiled roofs out of a sea of green; while here and there glitters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river, crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks, bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village-markets. For prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say, they and their ancestors have made. For see! almost to the summit what once were barren hills are waving green with cotton and rice, sugar, oranges, and tea. Water drawn from the river-bed girdles the slopes with silver; and falling from channel to channel in a thousand bright cascades, plashing in cisterns, chuckling in pipes, soaking and oozing in the soil, distributes freely to all alike fertility, verdure, and life. Hour after hour you may traverse, by tortuous paths, over tiny bridges, the works of the generations who have passed, the labors of their children of to-day; till you reach the point where man succumbs and Nature has her way, covering the highest crags with a mantle of azure and gold and rose, gardenia, elematis, azalea, growing luxuriantly wild. How often here have I sat for hours in a silence so intense that as one of our poets has said, 'you may hear the shadows of the trees rustling on the ground'; a silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of laborers calling across the water-courses, or, at evening or dawn,

by the sound of gongs summoning to worship from the temples in the valley. Such silence! Such sounds! Such perfume! Such color! The senses respond to their objects; they grow exquisite to a degree you cannot well conceive in your northern climate; and beauty pressing in from without moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself."

To borrow from an old critic, anybody could write that except those who have tried. But with our excerpts before us we feel most keenly that they have utterly failed to convey any idea of the charm of the complete works, and we fear we should feel the same even in the presence of the better selection that any of our readers could have made.

Of the various works we have mentioned, the "Modern Symposium" seems to us the finest, although the others in their own way achieve an excellence that need not fear comparison and will doubtless be preferred by not a few readers. The scene of the masterpiece is laid on a Sussex terrace in the month of June, and the dialogue, or rather the series of monologues, lasts from the late evening light to the dawn; but the reader feels that there was never a flagging moment from the opening speech of the comfortably discouraged Tory speaking appropriately after a comfortable dinner, to the semi-oracular utterance of the poet-philosopher speaking with even greater appropriateness while the glamor of dawn passed into the clear light of morning. Every character is made to speak in the language and style one feels inevitable. Indeed, one could easily transfer the speakers from the printed page to their accustomed walks of life, and in some cases could assign a definite name. There is not a faulty word at any turn, nor the least suspicion of striving for effect. The very transitions from character to character seem to bind the parts together and disappear in their service. Never has art been concealed more skilfully than in these pages, where Mr. Dickinson is most himself. In many of his other writings one can put a hand on this passage or that, and murmur Goethe, Landor, Pater; but in this work one feels strongly only the great master of them all, who wrote the parent Symposium. And perhaps one could pay no greater tribute to the contemporary Symposium than to say it is not unworthy to stand beside the Platonic original. Of course it falls far short of the older dialogue in imaginative range, — which is merely saying that it does not attain the unattainable and ought not to be compared with the incomparable, for Plato's Symposium and Phaedrus still occupy a niche by themselves in the hall of fame of imaginative prose. In one respect, however, the modern product is, perhaps, not inferior, for it does keep a shade more closely in touch with our human hopes and needs. From the master's banquet one rises amidst the fumes of the strong wine of almost demoniacal possession, such as Plato himself describes in his doctrine of enthusiasm, stimulating, exhilarating, sweeping us to the skies of fancy. At the disciple's feast is still strong wine; but it is the wine of helpful, aspiring reason, glorifying and uplifting, preparing us to face "with-

out excitement or elation the duties of the new day."

It would be easy to select the writers who have influenced Mr. Dickinson most, but it must suffice to recall that his reading represents the curriculum of a Fellow of a Cambridge college with a cultured taste for literature and philosophy. We must point out, however, that the Greek classics have occupied the fundamental position in moulding his style and thought, and we regard it as a thrice happy accident that we were introduced to him through his "Greek View of Life,"* for it is the natural portal. With modern literature he is only less familiar; and American readers will even find manifest traces of Walt Whitman. In every case, however, the traceable influence is entirely free from any suggestion of plagiarism, and we have no mere collection of jewels, but a new and finished product. Even the metrical quotations inspire the feeling that they should have been written for exactly the place they occupy. Over all of his writing is shed just enough of the *poeticus color* to make his style charming as well as effective. Indeed, for those of us who see in English prose one of the highest forms of art, — all the more important because it can ultimately be made to appeal to a practically unlimited constituency, — Mr. Dickinson at his best fulfils Sainte-Beuve's critical demand upon poetry, — *il fait battre le cœur*.

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

* Reviewed under the caption "The Old Untroubled Pagan World," in THE DIAL for March 16, 1906.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE READING OF SHAKESPEARE is enjoined upon all by Professor James M. Hoppin, as conducive to success in various walks of life. His recent little book, the title of which is found in the first four words of this paragraph, tells us that "statesmen, political orators, preachers, essayists, journalists, authors, even poets, should speak only what they know and feel from the bases of fact and nature, with Shakespeare's real knowledge; and though they might not become Shakespeares, they would come nearer to him in the plain path he led, and nearer to truth and sources of power." And yet Mr. Bernard Shaw insists that, so far from being a guide to us in practical affairs, Shakespeare could not and would not grapple with reality; that to escape it he ran away and poeticized. Well, what is one man's reality is another man's moonshine. That view of things is real to us with which we are most familiar. As Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson observes in an article on Ibsen in "The Independent Review," Shakespeare saw the world broadly, as Æschylus saw it. He saw man in antagonism with a power or fate stronger than himself, and he was fond of choosing such types (like Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello) as should emphasize this antagonism; although he could, and did, with his boundless sympathy and insight, create any kind of character in any sort of situation — a Falstaff or a Doll Tearsheet as readily as a Mark Antony or a Coriolanus. To us of the workaday world, he is, as Mr. Hoppin says he should be, a friend and guide and comforter — next to the Bible a very present help

in trouble. How many of us he has helped to "bear those ills we have" rather than "fly to others that we know not of." A solace in vexation, if not in crushing sorrow, is the reflection that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so"; and when things are at their very worst, we can still be sure that, "come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S MUCH-DISCUSSSED PLAN for limiting the bestowal of college aid is thus curiously propounded by one of its advocates: "The proposal referred to is that all applicants for scholarships be submitted to a physical examination in order that the trust fund at the disposal of the college for the maintenance of indigent students may be given only to such applicants as care to live long enough to give an adequate return for the payment." As if, forsooth, it were merely a matter of preference with the physically weak whether they shall resign this pleasing, anxious being, or continue to haunt the warm precincts of the cheerful day! Moreover, is it not known to be often true that genius, no less than conceit, "in weakest bodies strongest works," and that the sustaining power of a lofty intellectual or moral purpose will uphold the frail tenement long after its downfall has been predicted by the physician? Had Immanuel Kant, the poor saddler's son, been debarred by his physical frailty from receiving the pecuniary aid that he must have received (but whether from the Königsberg University we are not sure) in order to get an education, should we now have any "Critique of Pure Reason," and what would modern philosophy be like? And Kant's example is but one of many.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN'S LIFE AND LETTERS, prepared by Mr. F. W. Maitland, is an announcement that arouses very pleasurable anticipations. A quiet humor, "a humor with American touches that our men rarely attempt," was, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has remarked, one of Stephen's most enjoyable qualities. A very evident and engaging candor was another. He meant what he said and said what he meant. "I like him because he's always the same, and you're not positive about some people," was Crossjay Patterne's encomium on Vernon Whitford in "The Egoist" — Whitford, as we know, being Mr. Meredith's conception of Leslie Stephen, the "Phœbus Apollo turned fasting friar," the "lean long-walker and scholar," who traced a connection between virtue and pedestrianism. On resigning his Trinity Hall Fellowship and abandoning his last lingering intention of entering the Church, Stephen turned to literature with the modest ambition to acquire sufficient facility with the pen to turn out an acceptable newspaper article. Poetry he appears not to have attempted. "I have," he confesses, "always had the difficulty which Jonathan Oldbuck tells us prevented him from being a poet: I could not write verses." Our best wishes are with Mr. Maitland in his undertaking, and our hope is for its speedy accomplishment.

MR. HOWELLS'S PLEA FOR SPELLING REFORM, which has been widely quoted, complains of our present spelling that it does not spell anything, that it is a sort of picture-writing of a purely conventional sort. He forecasts a glad future when we shall have an entirely new and strictly phonetic and absolutely representative alphabet. But even supposing it to be at the outset

faultlessly phonetic, not only for London, but also for Boston and Indianapolis and Cape Town and Melbourne, how long would such an alphabet remain phonetic? Pronunciation is slowly but constantly changing, as we occasionally learn to our surprise in reading old poetry. The human throat itself, and the vocal chords, are not fashioned after one invariable pattern. The Latin alphabet was probably once approximately phonetic to the Romans, the Greek to the people of Hellas; but to Rome and Greece of to-day many of the letters of these alphabets stand for quite other sounds. Shall we then, in Mr. Howells's plan, have a new alphabet every five hundred or thousand years, for example? The obvious loss would be greater than the possible gain. All spelling is and must be largely a matter of convention.

LITERATURE REPEATS ITSELF, as history does. M. René Doumic, reviewing a group of new books on the theatre in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, takes occasion to write: "Why does the dramatist strive so eagerly after realism? Because he knows that the public dearly loves to be thrilled by it. . . . In short, the playwright is inclined to be satisfied if he wins the approval of the public, and the public goes to the theatre simply and solely to be entertained. It demands sensationalism, to be made to laugh, cry, shudder, thrill; but cares not a straw how this is effected." What is this but Plato's old plaint in the second book of the "Laws"? He there says: "The ancient and common custom of Hellas, which still prevails in Italy and Sicily, did certainly leave the judgment to the body of spectators, who determined the victor by a show of hands. Yet this custom has been the ruin of poets; for they are now wont to compose with a view to please the bad taste of their judges, and the result is that the spectators become their own teachers, which has operated to degrade the theatre. When they [the spectators] ought to have characters exhibited to them that are better than their own, and thus receive a higher pleasure, they themselves make these characters inferior."

BROWNING'S DEFENSE OF HIS ALLEGED OBSCURITY OF STYLE is now pretty well known. Nevertheless the following passage from a letter of his, preserved in the Ruskin Museum at Coniston, may be of interest. "In your bewilderment," he says, writing to Ruskin, "how shall I help that? We don't read poetry the same way, by the same law, it is too clear. I cannot begin writing poetry till my imaginary reader has conceded licenses to me which you demur at altogether. I know that I don't make out my conception by my language — all poetry being a putting the infinite within the finite. You would have me paint it all plain out, which can't be. But by various artifices I try to make shift with touches and bits of outline which succeed [one another], to bear the conception from me to you. You ought, I think, to keep pace with the thought, tripping from ledge to ledge of my 'glaciers,' as you call them — not stand poking your alpenstock into the holes and demonstrating that no foot could have stood there. In prose you may criticise so, because that is the absolute representation of portions of truth — what chronicleing is for history; but in asking for more ultimates you must accept less mediates." This, except that "less" for "fewer" will annoy the purist, is well put. It emphasizes the value of the suggestive in art. The unfinished is sometimes better than the carefully elaborated; "the half is more than the whole," as the Greeks expressed it.

The New Books.

THOREAU IN TWENTY VOLUMES.*

It was a bold venture in book-publishing to promise the world an edition of Thoreau in more volumes than there are of Dickens the novelist as commonly reprinted in America. Dickens was born five years earlier, and lived sixteen years longer; he was and is the most popular English novelist, and will long have many more readers than Thoreau. But when we consider that Thoreau could only find a publisher for his first book at his own expense, that he was more than four years paying for that first edition of a thousand copies—which, if they could have been sold at the average price they have fetched in the past ten years, would have netted \$20,000,—and that during the twenty-five years of Thoreau's literary life he probably received less than \$2000 for all that he published, the present undertaking of the publishers appears really extraordinary. Yet it is supported by the constant growth of appreciation for the genius of this long obscure author, and by the fact that his most casual bits of handwriting now sell for more than their weight in gold. In 1905 I knew a half-ounce of his manuscript to bring \$40, which was five times its golden equivalent in weight; and for what sum in dollars would the owner of the thirty extant volumes of his Journals now part with them?

Thoreau was the most industrious of all modern authors, and the one who devoted himself most scrupulously to his chosen task, which was Literature rather than Nature-study, though the world has long otherwise fancied. True, he pursued the study of Nature, as he did that of Greek and Latin, of Indians and land-surveying. But his ultimate aim was literature and philosophy; and the celebrity that his writings are now attaining proves that he succeeded in this steady pursuit. His most intimate and appreciative friend, Ellery Channing, styled him "the Poet-Naturalist," and the title has been generally accepted; yet he might with almost the same felicity be called a poet-philosopher, the term by which his eloquent friend Emerson has long been recognized. The poetic element in Thoreau is easily seen; not so easily his philosophic wisdom and originality. This grows more and more striking as we are allowed to read more in the Journals, which are now being

printed in fourteen volumes, four of which have already been given to the eager lovers of this ever-youthful poet.

It was his poetic, ideal, transcendental side that Thoreau himself most valued; and it first attracted his few readers of 1840-44 in the pages of Margaret Fuller's and Emerson's "Dial." In 1852, he writes in his Journal (Feb. 18):

"It is impossible for the same person to see things from the poet's point of view, and that of the man of science. The poet's second love may be science, not his first,—when use has worn off the bloom. I have a commonplace-book for facts, and another for poetry; but I find it difficult always to preserve the vague distinction which I had in mind; for the most interesting and beautiful facts are so much the more poetry, and that is their success. If my facts were sufficiently vital and significant, I should need but one book, of poetry, to contain them all."

Earlier (Jan. 26, 1852), he wrote: "Poetry implies the whole truth. Philosophy expresses a part of it." And later (July 18, 1852): "Every poet has trembled on the verge of science."

Again (Oct. 20, 1852), after his first visit with Ellery Channing to the Peterboro Hills and to Monadnoc, he wrote:

"Many a man asks if I took a glass with me. No doubt I could have seen further with a glass, could have counted more meeting-houses,—but this has nothing to do with the peculiar beauty and grandeur of the view. It was not to see a few particular objects, as if they were near at hand, that I ascended the mountain, but to see an infinite variety, far and near, in their relation to each other,—thus reduced to a single picture. The facts of science, in comparison with poetry, are wont to be as vulgar as looking from Monadnoc with a telescope. It is a counting of meeting-houses."

And yet very few men, technically scientific, ever made so many and so close observations in certain fields of natural history as Thoreau did. He was naturally an observer, and he narrowed his circuit of observation so as to facilitate accuracy. His present editor—himself an ornithologist, as Thoreau never was, technically,—finds a few instances in which this poet-naturalist was late or inexact in naming his bird. But let it be considered that he began these journals, and the chapters that he made up from them, at the age of twenty, and that he ceased to journalize at forty-four,—his noteworthy observations in his Minnesota tour (now in type for issue by the Boston Bibliophile Society) never having been written up by him because of his steadily failing health. What other naturalist, who was first and foremost a poet and man of letters, has ever made better observations, while educating himself to his chosen task of writing books? His collegiate course, except as fitting him somewhat

* THE WRITINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Walden Edition. In twenty volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in mathematics, did little to qualify him in natural history; but his occupation as land-surveyor (a mathematical out-door trade) came in his mature years to supplement his early poetic opportunities in seeing and delineating Nature, as she showed herself in the valleys of the Concord and Merrimac. His account of those streams and their phenomena would have been fuller and richer if he had published his "Week" in 1859 instead of 1849; for it would have had ten years more of fluvial, riparian, and celestial observation behind it. But it would have been less poetical, and less saturated with the literature of imagination and religion. What that was from 1837 to 1847, when he left his hut by Walden, may be seen by the fragmentary notebooks printed in the first volume of the Journals.

It was never Thoreau's intent to print these Journals as they now appear, still less as they were partially published by his editor after 1876, Mr. Blake. This third editor of the departed poet — Emerson and Ellery Channing having preceded him in the task for a few years, — although a dear friend and almost an idolater of Thoreau, did not quite comprehend the sequence and connection of thoughts in that peculiar mind. He therefore rather broke up and parcelled out the Journals while editing them, and thus presented them as detached and disconnected writings, instead of making them centre around a special subject, which was Thoreau's manner. It may even be doubted if Mr. Blake ever actually sorted out and classified the great mass of manuscripts which Sophia Thoreau left to him, — a task of real difficulty, as every posthumous editor has found. He was Thoreau's senior in years, although long outliving him, and had a delicate modesty which withheld him from that strict dealing with his author of which Emerson manifested rather too much. The letters and verses of Thoreau which Emerson held back from publication, because they might alter that view of his younger friend which he had long and rather wilfully held, were placed in my hands by Mr. Blake, or by Sophia Thoreau; and I am told they have materially modified the opinion earlier readers had formed from the Emersonian legend and presentation. I felt sure that they would, as, indeed, Channing's inimitable and racy life of Thoreau, first published in 1873, had already modified the opinion of such as read it against the restrictive view given by Emerson. The Journals, as now published, will still more correct the imperfect picture of Thoreau's mind and heart which was for forty years at least the prevailing impression. The patience of Thoreau

—and few men were ever more patient—and the mercurial impatience of Channing both revolted a little, at times, at the fact that they were chiefly known through other authors, and not by their own essays and verses. In April, 1852, the Journal records this:

"I asked Ellery Channing yesterday if he had acquired fame. He answered that, giving his name at some place, the bystanders said: 'Yes, sir, we have heard of you. We know you here, sir. Your name is mentioned in Mr. Blank's book.' That's all the fame I have had, — to be made known by another man."

This remark of Channing was made at the time when he was offering himself as a lecturer in Concord, Boston, Providence, and elsewhere, with a success far less than Thoreau's at the same period. Yet Thoreau, except in Concord, and gradually in Worcester, did not prove a very attractive lecturer. As a promoter of other men's lectures he was indefatigable, like Emerson. In the original draft of "Walden," from which much was dropped before it went to press, I found this passage which no longer appears in the Journal as here printed:

"How much, for instance, might be done for this town [Concord] with \$100, if there were a man to do it! I myself have provided a select course of lectures for a winter, together with room, fuel, and lights, with that sum; which was no inconsiderable benefit to every inhabitant."

It then occurred to me to look up in the records of the Concord Lyceum, of which Thoreau was often an official, the list of these lecturers, which he had carefully entered in the book, with the price paid to each. The date was about sixty-two years ago. The list included Emerson (three lectures), who received nothing; George Bancroft, \$10; Theodore Parker, \$3; Wendell Phillips, nothing; Horace Greeley, nothing; Dr. Charles T. Jackson (Mrs. Emerson's brother), \$10; Henry Giles, \$10; Rev. E. H. Chapin, \$8; James Freeman Clark, nothing; Thoreau himself (several lectures) nothing, — and so on. It was a distinguished roll of names. The financial statement was there too, drawn up by Thoreau, — receipts, \$109.20; expenses (carefully itemized), \$100; balance on hand, \$9.20. Seldom has so much wisdom and eloquence been furnished to a Yankee village for so small an outlay.

Thoreau, like others, had his own explanation of Shakespeare; and it is to be noted, for all his criticism is worth heeding. He did not often read him, but he knew what his value was, though he preferred Milton, as he once told me. In the Journal for January, 1852, he has a suggestive comment.

"The one word which will explain the Shakespeare miracle is 'unconsciousness.' If he had known his own comparative eminence, he would not have failed to publish it incessantly."

Thoreau was by no means unconscious of his own powers; indeed, few men of genius are. He valued himself for what he knew he was; but he was neither conceited nor did he pose, as some of his critics have fancied. He could undervalue himself upon occasion; and in one of the passages omitted from "Walden" he wrote:

"If the reader thinks that I am vainglorious and set myself above others, I assure him that I could tell a justified story respecting myself as well as him, if my spirits held out; could encourage him with a sufficient list of my failures, and flow as humbly as the gutters. I think worse of myself than he is likely to think of me,—and better, too, perchance, being better acquainted with the man."

How, then, did Thoreau acquire his singular genius and character? Like most men, by descent and environment—chiefly the former. The editor of these Journals does not appear to know the family story; nor was Thoreau himself perfectly informed upon it. On the mother's side he was descended from a Tory family—that of Colonel Jones of Weston, an old town seven miles from Concord. This gentleman, who died in Boston just before our Revolution, had one daughter, Mary (who became the grandmother of Henry Thoreau), and fourteen sons, of whom twelve grew up. Eight or nine of these sons joined the Tory faction, and most of them had to go forth from their native land into exile in consequence. Several of them served in the British army against their countrymen, and one of them, Dr. Josiah Jones, was a political prisoner in Concord jail while the battle of Bunker Hill was going on, June 17, 1775. Mary, his sister, then Mrs. Asa Dunbar, carried him food from Weston on that day, as she did on other days, before and after. The family tradition on this point, which Thoreau recorded in his Journal (not here quoted) was curious, but not quite correct. He wrote:

"Col. Elisha Jones, my great-grandfather, was the owner and inhabitant of an estate in Weston,—a man of standing and influence among his neighbors. He was a Tory. His son Simeon was confined in Concord jail four months and a fortnight. His sister Mary brought every meal he had from Weston. He was afraid he might be poisoned else. There was one Hicks, and one more, imprisoned with him. They secreted knives furnished them with their food, sawed the grates off, and escaped to Weston. Hid in the cider-mill. Mary heard they were in the mill; she took old Baldwin's horse from the lower part of Weston, and Simeon went to Portland with him, and then wrote back to Baldwin where he would find his horse, by paying charges."

This story bears the marks and has the errors of tradition. "Baldwin" was the sheriff who arrested Dr. Jones (and perhaps his brother Simeon), and he may very well have connived at the escape from the authorities of Massachusetts. We know that Dr. Josiah Jones, and another loyalist described as "the notorious Dr. Hicks," were imprisoned for attempting to send in supplies to the British army besieged in Boston; and we have no reason to doubt they escaped in the way indicated, and took refuge in Colonel Jones's unused cider-mill. Possibly Simeon was with them. All but three of the brothers of Mrs. Dunbar had to leave the country for their Toryism, and the family property was lost or diminished by their taking the wrong side. At the same time, Thoreau's grandfather, John Thoreau from the isle of Jersey, was privateering on the American side, and thus beginning the fortune which he left to his heirs in 1801. Henry's grandfather Dunbar, a graduate of Harvard in 1767, headed a college rebellion in 1766, and found so many supporters among the wealthy students and their families that he was never punished, but graduated with honor. He was first a clergyman at Salem, then studied law, and retired to Keene, N. H., near his brother-in-law Daniel Jones, practised law there and was active in Freemasonry for a few years, and died in 1787, before his daughter Cynthia, who married John Thoreau, the father of Henry, was born. From this mixed descent, with which a Scotch strand was twined, Thoreau inherited his mingled and rather conflicting qualities,—his gravity, his humor, his touch of wildness, his mercantile method, and his independence of thought. Something appeared in him, too,—a spark of genius, which none of his known ancestors had shown. He was remotely of Norman, even of Norse, descent, probably, as so many of the Jerseymen were; if he had French ancestors, they had long ceased to live in France, though speaking that patois of French which was the dialect of Jersey. A certain French elegance of style in prose early marked the writings of Thoreau, and the beauty of style in the unstudied journal entries here published will attract frequent notice.

Of all the writers of the Concord group, Thoreau will be held hereafter as the most original, where all were original in their own way. He was less dependent than Emerson or Hawthorne or Alcott on the books he had read and the traditions he received; more indebted to Nature and his own free thoughts. The ten volumes before me prove this, and those which are to come will hardly change the ver-

diet thus far reached. He is fortunate, in this posthumous edition, to have the aid of an admirable photographer, Mr. Herbert Gleason, who in years past, "all for love and nothing for reward," searched out and took pictures of those impressive scenes which Thoreau had so pictorially described; and from these two or three hundred views the publishers have selected a hundred to be reproduced for these volumes, five in each. The process by which they are printed has darkened a little the delicacy of the original, but they are still wonderfully true to the nature amid which Thoreau was most serenely at home.

The form and typography of the volumes leave little to be desired. There are some minor errors arising from the indistinctness of Thoreau's manuscript in places, and from the editor's lack of that minute local knowledge in which his author was so remarkable. For instance, there is no "Woods' Bridge" in Concord, and never was, though the "wooden bridge" near the railroad may sometimes have been so called, as leading to the farm of the Woods. It should always read "wooden bridge," as distinguished from the "stone bridge" close by. Again, there was a Concord weekly newspaper entitled "The Yeoman's Gazette," and its name should stand in capitals. An occasional mistake in spelling is to be noted. But on the whole this "Walden Edition" is every way satisfactory, in its different forms for different purchasers and prices.

F. B. SANBORN.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.*

There are few subjects more attractive to students of literature than the treatment of landscape in poetry. To perceive the varying functions of natural description in the work of different races, ages, and poets, — the personified nature of the Hebrews, the serene and vivid landscape of the Greeks, the delicate vignettes of the Middle Age, the detailed but conventional backgrounds of the Renaissance, the expressiveness of the inanimate world to modern eyes, — this involves an endlessly fascinating approach to the secrets of the poetic process. Despite the fundamental correctness of Lessing's main position in the *Laocöon*, the history of poetry gives abundant warrant for his caveat: "How many things would appear incontestable in theory, if genius had not succeeded in prov-

ing them to be the contrary by fact." The fact, of course, is that the charm of poetry is, to no small degree, the charm of landscape background. Fancy the *Odyssey* without Calypso's grotto and the harbor of Ithaca, Chaucer without his green and flowery May mornings, Spenser without his trackless woods and his dazzling if not wholly convincing gardens, Shakespeare without the matchless scenery that is of the very texture of his plays; fancy Eden without its "bowery loneliness," its "bloom profuse and cedar arches"; fancy Keats without "the green world" of his daffodils and the "hurrying freshnesses" of his brooks, Wordsworth without his "mountains where sleep the unsunned tarns" — to use a Wordsworthian line of Browning's, — and Tennyson without his enchanted forests and his "dim, rich" cities. If the perception of these things is one of the keenest æsthetic delights of poetry, surely one of its highest practical benefits is to make us more vividly aware of the beauty of the world.

The dearth of books in English on this interesting subject is rather remarkable, though it is no doubt due in part to the infrequency of a literary scholarship that is at once minute and comprehensive, and in part to the absorption of our students of literature in questions of literary history rather than in the more essential problems of art. Professor Palgrave's well-known "Landscape in Poetry" is sketchy and inadequate. One reads it with a painful sense of a missed opportunity. Its range is not wide enough, and it is poor in examples. In this respect, Herr Biese's book on "The Feeling for Nature" is highly commendable. Within the limits that he has imposed upon himself, he has brought together a large and well-chosen body of passages that constitute the chief value of his work. His sense of proportion is, however, not faultless, and has led him to lay undue emphasis on many obscure German poets and prose writers, to the neglect of the really significant names of modern France, — De Lisle, De la Prade, Heredia, and the rest, — not to mention English poetry of the later nineteenth century, which he almost ignores. While he treats Goethe, Klopstock, Jean Paul, Rousseau, Lamartine, and Hugo with a gratifying fulness, yet it seems a pity to neglect the intensely expressive landscape of modern French and English poetry and emotional prose, especially as in these the feeling for nature is more simple, less complicated with what Herr Biese calls "the amorous passion," than in the work of the early Romantics. Surely, Senancour and Amiel, Wordsworth, Tennyson,

*THE FEELING FOR NATURE. Its Development in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times. By Alfred Biese. Translated from the German. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

and Arnold are to be reckoned with, even in the most general survey of European literature. To Wordsworth, indeed, Herr Biese devotes a part of two pages, though the following critical remark, which is also the only one, is hardly either intelligible or adequate:

"His real taste was pastoral, and he preached freer intercourse with Nature, glossing his ideas rather artificially with a theism, through which one reads true love of her, and an undeniable though hidden pantheism" (p. 326).

The famous skating scene is mistaken for a description of "sledding." But if Wordsworth is comparatively neglected, Byron, as is usual with continental students of our literature, is treated with fulness and enthusiasm:

"All that previous English poets had done seemed harmless and innocent in comparison with Byron's revolutionary poetry. Prophecy in Rousseau became poetry in Byron" (p. 327).

It is the more remarkable that Herr Biese did not push his researches into recent French literature, because, as his own examples prove, no German save Goethe equals Lamartine in the blending of precise observation with profound feeling; and the question would therefore seem to be inevitable, "How far have modern French poets entered into the spirit of the Meditations?" The following from Jean Paul admirably illustrates the tone and manner of the German Romantics, and incidentally has a curious resemblance to the landscape in Henley's beautiful lines *Margaritæ Sorori*:

"The sun sinks, and the earth closes her great eye like that of a dying god. There smoke the hills like altars; out of every wood ascends a chorus; the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark — the evening bell of Nature" (p. 348).

Not many of the illustrative passages, it must be confessed, are as successful as this. The occasions are few when one feels the instant thrill of response to a direct, sincere, unconventional and imaginative natural touch. Phrase after phrase of description passes under the eye, leaving no definite image upon the mind, touching no chord of feeling. All is vague, remote, abstract, lifeless. In spite of the clear objective beauty of the pictures in the *Odyssey*, one begins to suspect that the mere ability to see the significant aspects of what is under one's eyes is a modern achievement. To the passages from Shakespeare, however, this objection does not apply. While the list of examples is not, of course, exhaustive, it is sufficient to prove that

his "grasp of nature was intenser, more individual, and subjective" than that of any preceding poet, with the possible exception of Dante. To the vitality and significance of Dante's touches of description, Herr Biese hardly does justice; while his praise of Petrarch and of the Renaissance attitude in general toward nature, both in Italy and England, is plainly excessive. That "English lyrists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries showed deep feeling for Nature" (p. 222) cannot be maintained, despite the abundance of descriptive and pastoral poetry. In no respect does Shakespeare tower above his contemporaries more unmistakably than in the sincerity and vitality of his attitude toward nature. Spenser's description of the Garden of Acrasia (*F. Q.*, II. 12. 58), quoted by Herr Biese as evidence of the "deep feeling for Nature" in the sixteenth century, is highly generalized, wholly conventional, and therefore abstract and unreal. Moreover, it is an exceedingly close imitation of Tasso (*Ger. Lib.*, 16. 9). It would hardly be more absurd to talk of "the deep feeling for Nature" of the eighteenth century pastoralists. The conventional images and ideas of the Elizabethan lyric are shown, by Herr Biese's own examples, to be derived in most cases directly from Petrarch.

The critical and historical generalizations of the volume are not of so much importance as the examples. They are in most cases not very definite, nor are the different stages in the development of the feeling for nature in mediæval and modern literature sharply discriminated. Perhaps they cannot be, except in the most general way. And yet one clearly perceives the possibility of a more satisfactory treatment than Herr Biese has given us. His programme, however, is admirable. He attempts to trace the feeling for nature from the Christian writers of the first ten centuries, in whom pagan elements still persist, to what he calls "the universal pantheistic feeling of modern times," though, as we have seen, he ignores its more recent manifestations. The "naïve" feeling of the period of the Crusades, the Troubadours, and the Minnesingers, the "individualism and sentimental feeling" of the Renaissance, "the enthusiasm for nature among the discoverers and Catholic mystics," the artificial treatment of landscape, during the seventeenth century, in Germany and France, and the beginning and full tide of romantic feeling, with all its sentimental exaggeration, — these are the principal stages through which, according to Herr Biese, the treatment of landscape in European literature has passed. He

devotes a few, not very illuminating, pages, also, to the history of landscape in painting.

The vague and unsatisfactory impression left by his generalizations is, no doubt, due in some degree to his style, though for this the translator may be to blame. On the whole, however, the translation is workmanlike, and we fear that the responsibility for such sentences as the following rests with Herr Biese:

"[Schiller] called nature naïve (he included naturalness in Nature); those who seek her, sentimental; but he overlooked the fact that antiquity did not always remain naïve, and that not all moderns are sentimental" [p. 346]. "And since Shakespeare's characters often act out of part, so that intelligible motive fails, while it is important to the poet that each scene be raised to dramatic level and viewed in a special light, Goethe's words apply," etc. (p. 167).

There is far too much of the solemn pseudo-technical jargon that often makes German criticism such desperately hard reading. The ingenious reader believes, or at any rate hopes, that he is not reading nonsense, but he has the disappointment of embracing a shadow whenever he attempts to grasp the meaning. The style, too, is without that coherence that depends upon distinctness of articulation — a quality in which French criticism, for example, is almost never wanting. There is, moreover, a good deal of that specious encyclopædic abundance which is so easy to obtain; it consists in the indiscriminate heaping up of names and dates that suggest, to be sure, completeness of treatment, but really breed confusion.

Whether the translator is responsible for placing Drayton and Drummond of Hawthornden in the eighteenth century (pp. 223, 224), we do not know; but he must at any rate be held accountable for such eccentricities as Bernard von Clairvaux, Hugo von St. Victor, Vincentius von Beauvais, and for the odd locution, "The real Aristotle was only gradually shelled out from under mediæval accretions" (p. 200).

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

WASHINGTON AS HOUSEKEEPER AND FARMER.*

A volume of the "Letters and Recollections of George Washington" is sent out with the explanation from its publishers that it is meant to show the great Virginian in a new light — that is, as a domestic man managing household affairs; as a planter looking after crops, cattle, and overseers; and as a business man driving

bargains, suing for bad debts, collecting rents, and making investments. The material of the volume is in three divisions: first are the letters of Washington to his Secretary, Tobias Lear, relating to domestic affairs at Philadelphia and Mt. Vernon; next is reprinted in full Lear's account of the last illness and death of Washington, the funeral and after; third are miscellaneous letters of Washington relating to domestic and agricultural affairs at Mt. Vernon after 1790. There is a brief introduction by Louisa Lear Eyre, granddaughter of Tobias, which tells us that she has a Martha Washington quilt, a Tobias Lear portrait, and a George Washington lock of hair, and that she "was defrauded of the originals of these letters." There is no further explanation of the last statement. The Lear correspondence given is from copies made by Lincoln Lear, son of Tobias, for Jared Sparks, who later gave the copies to Miss Louisa Lear, daughter of Lincoln Lear. Some of the letters have not been printed before. Of editing there is practically none; and to the lack of it, as well as to careless proof-reading, is due the perpetuation of the copyist's misreadings of Washington's spelling — such as "over par" for overseer, "Molly" for Nellie, "Curtis" for Custis, etc. And surely there is something wrong where Lear's figures make Washington's length after death only five feet three and a half inches. A foot more will be necessary to satisfy the popular notion of the tall first President. The reviewer has been unable to find anything in the book that will justify the word "Recollections" in the title. There is no index.

The letters are filled with facts about the servants, the slaves, the household economy; schools for young relatives; crops, fertilizers, seeds, cattle, horses, sheep, overseers, soils, farm implements; rents, investments, land sales, and all that interested a progressive farmer of a century ago. Some of them certainly make the Father of his Country seem very human and un-heroic, and dim the halo that Parson Weems and others have created for us. For instance, no housekeeper of to-day faces a more troublesome servant problem than did George Washington during the last ten years of his life. It seems that he preferred white servants who were honest, frugal, neat, and did not drink; but these were hard to get, and were always wanting their wages raised. He refused to bring two kitchen servants from New York to Philadelphia because they were not neat enough, and the "kitchen [being] in full view of the best rooms." The steward's accounts are criticised, and Wash-

* LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

ington declares that "it is inconceivable to me how other families on 25 hd. or 3,000 dollars should be enabled to entertain more company . . . than I could do for 25,000 dollars annually." He comes to the conclusion that it is partly on account of the expense of the "Second" or white servants' table. "I strongly suspect that nothing is brought to my Table of *liquors, fruits, and other things*, that is not used as profusely [at the servants' table]." And to Lear, when engaging servants for the Philadelphia establishment, he wrote, "Be *him* or *them* whom they may, it must be expressly understood that wine is not permissible at their Table." Even while President he looked after the negroes' clothes, bought their caps, chose the wall-paper and carpets, saw to the proper placing of the furniture and ornaments in every room, looked after the wood supply, engaged washerwomen, traded laundry implements and furniture with Mrs. Robert Morris, ordered preserves and butter put up for winter, and performed numerous other duties that we think Mrs. Washington might have claimed as her own. Either he was a meddler, or he deserved the title of "George Washington, Housekeeper."

Nothing is clearer than the double fact that Washington liked neither slavery nor slaves. He was careful of the comfort of his servants, as he called them, was kind to them, and enclosed with his own their love-letters to their "deltobosos"; but he had lived long enough in the North to see the advantage of a homogeneous white population, and to the end of his days he hoped to get rid of his slaves and get English and Scotch farmers in place of them. To a friend he wrote: "I do not like even to think, much less to talk, of [slave property]. . . . Were it not that I am principled against selling negroes as you would do cattle at a market, I would not in twelve months . . . be possessed of one" . . . "but imperious necessity compels . . . until I can substitute some other expedient."

Perhaps of most interest and value are the letters to overseers and others regarding farm management. Washington was not a planter, but a farmer; Mt. Vernon was not a plantation but a congeries of small farms. Hence the labor system was not well organized, and Washington had much difficulty in keeping things in running order. He complains of indolent negro labor, stupid overseers, "worthless white men" who have "no more authority over the Negroes . . . than an old woman would have." Yet when he was able to give

personal attention to his farms, all went well, — crops were good, cattle were improved, the wool production doubled, etc. He believed in the modern methods of intensive farming, and was convinced "that if we were to reduce our cultivation . . . to half the present quantity, and manure and till that half well, our profits would be greater." In engaging a manager to look after Mt. Vernon while he was in Philadelphia, Washington wrote:

"As I am never sparing in furnishing my Farms with any and every kind of Tool and Implement that is calculated to do good and neat work, I not only authorize you to bring the kind of ploughs you were speaking to me about, but any others, the utility of which you have proved from your own experience. . . . I shall begrudge no reasonable expense that will contribute to the improvement and neatness of my Farms: — for nothing pleases me better than to see them in good order, and everything trim, handsome, and thriving . . . nor nothing hurts me more than to find them otherwise, and the tools and implements laying where they were last used, exposed to injuries from Rain, sun, etc."

This was his farmer's platform, and it explains how he was able to live from the proceeds of his farms and yet serve his country without pay for long periods of time. But evidently there were many who were not up to his standard; for when, in 1790, he wanted to lease the Mt. Vernon place, he refused "to do it to the slovenly farmers of this Country," and later, when he wanted to sell land, he tried to get English and Scotch farmers to buy, "for I have no idea of frittering up farms for the accommodation of our country farmers whose knowledge centres in the destruction of land and very little beyond it."

We learn that he gave children lottery tickets, and that he had a distillery; that he could write a scorching dun to a bad debtor; that he believed in strict discipline over school-children, and that in enquiring about a school he asked first about the discipline and the master, next if the pupils were "genteel," and finally and incidentally, "Among other things enquire what is taught at these schools." There are many other interesting and homely facts in these letters which throw a new light on Washington, and in a way help to bring him down from the heights to earth again — to the earth where he certainly liked to live.

WALTER L. FLEMING.

THE following, unearthed by the indefatigable author of "Pryings Among Private Papers," invites comment, but demands none. "On Wednesday evening Mr. Johnson & I had another *tete a tete* at the Mitre. Would you believe that we sat from half an hour after eight till between two & three? He took me cordially by the hand, & said, My Dear Boswell, I love you very much. . . ."

THE EASTERN COURSE OF CONQUEST.*

From the time of Caesar, one of the favorite methods of conquest has been the subjection of savage and semi-civilized races under the plea of pacifying and protecting them. From the negative position of protection it is only a step to positive direct control. We see much of this method of conquest in our own time. One of the best examples is probably the growth of Russian authority over Central Asia. Another good illustration in the making is the British frontier protectorate over Afghanistan. It is in this region of Central Asia that we are now beholding the subtle and fascinating game of diplomacy most cunningly played. Russia, defeated in the Far East, must now return to her former field of conquests to extend her powers and to recuperate her losses. England, recognizing this advance of Russia southward, must now zealously guard her protectorate over Afghanistan, that no direct attack may be made on her Indian possessions. The diplomatic relations are involved, the conditions are intricate, and the outcome is not at all certain.

To understand the circumstances and conditions, the temper and character, of these Afghans requires an intimate knowledge of every point involved in such a complicated political, geographical, and historical situation. Few students of Central Asian affairs know all these conditions so well as does Mr. Angus Hamilton, author of a notable book on Korea, and for some time a correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" from Central Asia. His volume on Afghanistan, like that on Korea, is heavy, but it is substantial and instructive reading. He marshals an astonishing array of data on the commercial and political affairs of that country, but out of the dry material thus offered he makes an able digest and conclusion of present conditions that are interesting to the student of geography, politics, and trade, in that part of Asia. Above all things, his volume is pregnant with ideas concerning the conflict between Russia and England for prestige in Central Asia.

Of primary importance in either the subjection or the protection of Afghanistan is the railway. The Orenburg-Tashkend Railway, which has been but recently completed, now reduces the previous long journey from St. Petersburg to Tashkend to the small matter of twenty-four hundred miles, thus making a close jointure between the military and commercial *depôts*, between the capital and the frontier. A further

study of this system shows that it is possible to connect Merv, the terminus of the Murgab Valley division, with the Indian system of railways at New Chaman, by the way of Herat in the west and Kandahar in the south, thereby lessening the travelling distance between England and India by seven days' journey. There is no probability, however, that this scheme will become a reality. Russia will not consent to the building of a line which will so much profit her enemy. Russia's policy, according to Mr. Hamilton, will be to extend the Tashkend road along the northern Persian and the northern Afghan borders in order to control the military and trade conditions of those strong strategical positions. It is Russia's purpose, undoubtedly, to extend the system to Herat, the key to India, on the western border. Such a line, once established, would give Russia the advantage in the event of an outbreak of hostilities.

At Kandahar and the southern border of Afghanistan, the question of railway building is also the chief political concern of England. Kandahar is of more importance as a trade centre than Herat, and is of almost equal importance in strategical position. At present the British position in southern Afghanistan is *en l'air*, but a railway from Kandahar to New Chaman in India would link Afghanistan to India in a more tangible way. It seems likely that such a line will be established before long. British interests, while favoring this short line, are inimical to a trans-Afghan system; for in order to preserve the integrity of the state it is necessary that Afghanistan shall remain a buffer state, whereas a trans-Afghan railroad would make her a gateway to India.

So runs the story of the whole book. Were we to summarize Mr. Hamilton's account of every district of Afghanistan, we should only repeat what we have said about Herat and Kandahar — the importance of the railway problem, and the admonition regarding Russia's advance. Mr. Hamilton's whole thought and tone is summed up in the following quotations from his book:

"Russia is really the supreme and dominating factor in Afghanistan, not only along the northern, eastern and western frontiers, but throughout the kingdom."

"The policy of this country [England] should be mistrustful of Russia always, and our attitude should be actively suspicious."

The pessimistic views of the author are probably accentuated by two further facts revealed in the latter part of his book — the failure of Sir Louis Dane's Mission to make a favorable treaty with the Afghan powers, and the insta-

*AFGHANISTAN. By ANGUS HAMILTON. With Illustrations and Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

bility of the weak-willed ruler of Afghanistan, Amir Habib Ullah. Like the men in the nursery rhyme who marched up the hill and then marched down again, the Dane Mission returning from Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, had to report meekly that the Amir had been elevated to the height of an Independent King, that he was permitted to import arms at his pleasure, and that his government was to be released from the arrears which had accumulated in the Indian treasury. As an offset for these concessions, the Mission reported that the Amir was disaffected and untrustworthy! Mr. Hamilton is gracious enough to think, however, that this affront was due more to the conspicuous vanity of the Amir than to the manifestation of his ill-will. And herein lies the promise of trouble for Afghanistan. As a man and ruler, the Amir is so strongly marked by a capricious temper and a weak will that his seat on the throne is not at all secure. Surrounded by an all-powerful priesthood opposed to foreign advice; intrigued against by relations, both masculine and feminine, who, led by his strong-willed brother, Nasr Ullah Khan, are waiting for a propitious moment to overthrow him; unbeloved, although amiable in disposition, by his subjects, he may at any time become the centre of a rebellion. Then will be the moment for active hostilities between Russia and England.

The volume is dedicated to the late Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, whose knowledge of Central Asian affairs is unsurpassed. All the helpful means for understanding the text, such as illustrations, maps, tables, appendices, are abundantly provided. At times, however, when our interest is aroused by some picture it remains unsatisfied so far as any comment in the text is concerned. But then, Mr. Hamilton's viewpoint is not often that of picturesqueness.

H. E. CORLENTZ.

RECENT FICTION.*

"O Vine of Sibmah; thy plants are gone over the sea." This quotation accounts sufficiently for "The Vine of Sibmah" as the title of a historical romance

* THE VINE OF SIBMAH. A Relation of the Puritans. By Andrew Macphail. New York: The Macmillan Co.

BESS OF THE WOODS. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN DESERT KEEPING. By Edmund Mitchell. London: Alston Rivers.

THE SANDS OF PLEASURE. By Filson Young. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

A SON OF THE PEOPLE. A Romance of the Hungarian Plains. By the Baroness Orczy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MAN FROM AMERICA. A Sentimental Comedy. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

chiefly occupied with the puritan settlement of New England. Mr. Andrew Macphail is the author, and the story is something more than readable, although it is long-winded throughout and drags not a little toward the end. The hero is one Nicholas Dexter, a valiant captain under Cromwell, and, when the story opens on the eve of the Restoration, a fugitive from the vengeance of the King. Escaping from England with the connivance of a daring sea-dog named Phineas Pratt, he seeks a home in Boston; but, finding the theological atmosphere of the Bay too stifling to breathe, he soon again becomes a wanderer. The particular object of his quest is a maiden whom he had rescued when she was but a child, and whom he now seeks as a lover. Her fortunes have been no less chequered than his, and the pursuit leads him a merry chase from Boston to the Bahamas, and thence again through Boston to the northern wilderness. Of course she is found at last, and she turns out to be the long-lost daughter of Phineas Pratt. Mr. Macphail knows something of the early history of the Bay, but his knowledge is far from accurate, and a critic of the more microscopic sort might pick many flaws in his narrative.

Mr. Warwick Deeping, is to be warmly congratulated upon his latest story, which he has entitled "Bess of the Woods." It is a story of country life in England, dated in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and accomplishes the difficult feat of presenting that period in romantic coloring, while remaining faithful to its artificial speech and its social usages. Gentlefolk and rustics are alike delineated with truth and sympathy, and in the contrast between these two groups, brought into close relations by the hero's romance, the author finds one of his best artistic effects. We have, on the one hand, besides the hero, his delightfully cynical and selfish aunt, who is a seasoned campaigner, and the baronet his neighbor, whose family includes a swaggering son and a shrewish daughter of more summers than she would willingly acknowledge. This young woman marks the hero for her own, and he becomes so entangled in his own strained notions of honor that he is well nigh victimized, being saved, however, by an infusion of good sense which results from certain interviews with his malicious but clear-sighted aunt. On the other hand, deep in the neighboring forest there lives a small community of peasants, whose chief occupation is smuggling, and among them the heroine, who is believed to be of their blood, but who has in reality been left in their hands as a child after a grim

THE KING'S REVOLVE. An Episode in the Life of Patrick Dillon. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE DAY'S JOURNEY. By Netta Syrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

WHERE SPEECH ENDS. A Music Maker's Romance. By Robert Haven Schaffer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

BUCHANAN'S WIFE. A Novel. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

scene of murder and robbery committed many years before. She is, in fact, another Lorna Doone, and the patriarchal government of the clan is rather closely patterned after that of Blackmore's famous nest of outlaws. How hero and heroine meet, how they heed the voices of their hearts, with what machinations of craft and villainy they are compassed about, and with what triumph they finally escape from the toils, are the matters set forth in this extremely interesting, well-written, and artistically-framed romance, which has not had many equals in the fiction of recent years.

"In Desert Keeping," by Mr. Edmund Mitchell, is the story of a secret murder which the desert does not, however, keep very long, and which when disclosed brings about a pretty complication. The victim has been, in days long past, the lover of his slayer's wife; and it is their son who discovers the secret of the crime, believing all the time that the slayer and not the slain is his father. The son, being the legatee of the dead man's fortune, is charged with complicity in the crime, which keeps the reader in a condition of tense excitement for quite a while. It is a rather poor story, on the whole, but not without some slight merits of characterization and plot.

Mr. Filson Young, who under the name of "Guy Thorne" will be remembered as the author of the rather crude and sensational novel "When It Was Dark," has given us in "The Sands of Pleasure" a far more acceptable and serious work. Its hero is an engineer by profession, and the first section of the novel presents him occupied with the task of constructing a lighthouse on the Cornish coast. There is much display of technical information in this description, but it is discreetly handled, and the picture of the struggle with the sea is singularly impressive. When his work is practically over, the hero goes to Paris for relaxation, and for the first time in his life comes into contact with the world of pleasure-seeking and sordid vice. This second section of the work thus deals with debatable matter, and with a frankness hitherto almost unexampled in English fiction; but we are given fair warning of what is to come, and the author's defence of his course is not without weight. "It is obviously impossible," he says, "that everyone should know the half-world at first-hand; but there is every reason why mature people should read about it, not bitterly or unpleasantly, but as pleasantly as possible, in the mirror of a page written without moral preoccupations." So Mr. Filson's heroine (as far as the book has one) is a *demi-mondaine*, a creature of delicate and elusive charm who captivates for a time the senses of the hero, yet who is not portrayed with the artificial sentimentality of "La Dame aux Camélias," but is presented in a light clear enough to illuminate the ugliness of her life no less than its attractive aspects. We may hardly quarrel with a writer who so conscientiously aims at artistic truth, however much he may startle us by the boldness of his treatment. In the third section of the book, the

hero, his infatuation brought under control, is again found at the scene of his labors, the difficult process of regeneration at work within his soul. The episode of a visit to a Trappist monastery contributes notably both to his strengthening and to the impressiveness of the book's implied teaching. It is not a book for the young to read, but it is one that will work no harm to mature and balanced minds.

Madame Emma Magdalena Rosalia Maria Josefa Barbara, Baroness Orey, has given us, in "A Son of the People," a deeply interesting romance of the Alföld, or great Hungarian plain. The peasant and the magnate's daughter provide the romance, which is worked out upon a familiar plan. The magnate has impoverished himself by agricultural experiments and a reckless scale of living; his estates are heavily mortgaged, and the rich peasant becomes his principal creditor. The latter has long worshipped the magnate's daughter from afar, and proposes to relieve the financial situation by making her his wife. This sordid arrangement is effected, and the wedding takes place. But the aristocratic heroine, scorning her base-born husband, overwhelms him with her contempt, and he makes no effort to keep her at his side. Eventually, however, the nobility of his character is revealed to her, and her scorn dissolves in the love which she has long half-consciously felt for him, thus bring the tale to a happy ending. It is a strong and attractive piece of work, vivid in description and characterization, dramatic in action. Depicting the kind of life with which the romances of Jokai have made us fairly familiar, it has in some respects an advantage over those fantastic inventions. At least, it conforms more closely than they to the accepted European ideals of orderly movement and logical structure, while sacrificing nothing of their intensely national character.

"The Man from America," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is described as "a sentimental comedy." It is a story without a problem or a purpose, as these terms are used by the strenuous modern novelist, but simply a charming study of some young people of Devonshire, with an ancient expatriated Frenchman and a few visiting Americans thrown in for variety. It is decidedly pleasant to be in the society of the old Frenchman and of the two grand-daughters upon whom his affection is lavished. The book's chief excuse for being is that it affords us this pleasure; the fact that the story is all the time slowly leading up to a series of happy and reasonably romantic marriages is only a secondary consideration. That the work is fresh, human, and altogether delightful, must be the verdict of every reader.

We expect work of very high character from Mrs. Margaret Woods, and "The King's Revoke" does not disappoint us. This "episode in the life of Patrick Dillon" bears the date of 1808, and is concerned with the efforts of the young Irishman, in the service of the Spanish royalists, to rescue the young King from captivity in the hands of Napoleon. Joseph Bonaparte occupies the throne, supported by

time-serving *afrancesados*, and the English army is pounding away at the ramparts of his kingdom. Meanwhile, Ferdinand the Desired, to whom the mass of the Spanish nation are passionately attached, lives in enforced seclusion in Touraine, a guest at Talleyrand's chateau. He proves a most unheroic hero, for when the plot for his liberation is at the point of successful issue, he sets the plans of the conspirators at naught by refusing to hazard his precious skin, hoping that in the end the imperial French usurper will prove his most useful friend. The conspiracy which thus ends in failure is both ingenious and intricate — rather too much so to be altogether intelligible. The main part of the romance has its scene in Touraine, and introduces us to a mixed and interesting society of English *détenués*, Spanish nobles, and Frenchmen of various ranks. Young Dillon cuts a dashing but not always dignified figure in the plot, and his shady accomplice, Count d'Haguerty, provides an interesting study in character. One figure, that of the beautiful and high-souled Marquesa de Santa Coloma, stands out above all the others upon this crowded canvas.

"The Day's Journey," by Miss Netta Syrett, is an old story tricked out in modern habiliments. Its garb of speech and incident is so extremely modern that we are apt to forget how old the story is in all its essentials. When it opens, the hero and the heroine have been married for five years, and the dream of love has given place to the grey consciousness of a lost illusion. The man has become wearied of domesticity, and is seeking for distraction elsewhere. The woman thus neglected has at last, after much silent suffering, ceased to care greatly for anything. Then the opportune reappearance of an old-time lover restores something of her interest in life, and and her youth and beauty burst once more into bloom. She separates herself from her husband, who then begins to realize what she has been to him, while at the same time he discovers how insincere and self-seeking is the character of the other woman who has been the cause of his infidelity. Eventually his wife takes pity upon him, and a sort of reconciliation follows, bringing the book to a close. This complex situation is handled with delicacy throughout, and the whole story is told in a crisp style which never drags and which is always charming.

A sentimentalized "literary" description of the Fifth Symphony, by Dr. Henry van Dyke, serves as prelude to "Where Speech Ends," a novel by Mr. Robert Haven Schaufler. It is a musical novel, as this title and this fact indicate; but the reader need not be apprehensive. There is no vague rhapsodizing in its pages; the hero is not a romantic tenor, and the heroine is not a moon-struck damsel. Nor is there any attempt to represent the artist as an unbalanced and irresponsible creature, whose genius is a sufficient excuse for his moral aberrations. On the contrary, the group of musicians with which the story is concerned are essentially normal

human beings, having their little eccentricities, no doubt, but on the whole very much like other people. The writer seems to understand, moreover, that music is an art having real relations to life. Says the Princetonian who follows his bent and becomes a fiddler: "My chums on the campus call me hard-hearted and disloyal, and say I don't love the old university properly. They can't know, of course, that the orchestra is the most deeply sociable institution going; they can't conceive the ecstasy of joining with a hundred kindred musicians and a thousand kindred hearers in that very apotheosis of the brotherhood of man, the Ninth Symphony." The characters in this book are for the most part members of the Chicago Orchestra. This statement must not be taken too literally, for the figure of old Wolfgang is hardly to be taken as a portrait of the late Theodore Thomas, despite a few realistic touches. But the scene is Chicago, with the definite naming of localities, and even the recognizable description of personalities. The writer has a keen faculty of humorous observation, which may be illustrated by this thumb-nail sketch of the old kettle-drummer at the festive board: "At his food Loewen was always a pleasing and curious spectacle. He had done military service in his youth, and four times a day his early training cropped up in him. He was always militant at his meals. Before attacking a roll his face would take on an invincible expression. Then the resolute jaws would bury themselves in it and one could see the dozens of valiant little wrinkles that would scale the cheeks and lodge about the discolored temples. He handled a knife like a sabre, a fork like a bayonet, and his infrequent operations with a finger-bowl partook of the nature of ablutions before inspection." There is pathos, too, in the book, of a sincere and appealing kind. The plot is unimportant, although it gives us a hero (or possibly two) and a heroine, with a villain whose machinations keep the lovers apart for a time. But the story is essentially one of incidents, loosely strung together, charming in their freshness, and intimate in their revelation of the musician's every-day life. It makes reading of an altogether wholesome and delightful sort.

"Buchanan's Wife," by Mr. Justus Miles Forman, is the story of a woman who has married for money, and whose husband, a man of moody and occasionally vicious temper, makes her life unbearable. Matters are further complicated by the existence of the man whom she ought to have married. Presently Buchanan disappears mysteriously, and long afterwards a body is discovered which the wife identifies as that of her lost but not mourned consort. Then she marries her lover. But the fact is that she has lied in identifying the corpse, and presently Buchanan turns up in the form of a consumptive tramp, who has forgotten the facts of his former life, although haunted by intangible fancies, which become dangerously vivid when he is brought once more into the old familiar environment. The terrified wife tries

to conceal the fact of his existence, but her second husband finds it out. Then follows an exciting scene in which the real husband dies, the nominal husband barely escapes with his life, and the blackmailing villain is torn to pieces by an infuriated dog. Thus ends a preposterous yarn which has little power to arouse sympathy, and which depends for its effects upon trickiness and crude melodrama.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's new novel strikes a deeper note, and is altogether of more serious quality than most of his productions. It is a story of a New England coast town, with a light-house and a life-saving station, both of which adjuncts are effectively used in its development. It is thus, to a considerable extent, an open-air story, with effects of storm and sunlight that the author knows how to put to picturesque uses. Essentially, however, it is the life-history of two sisters, one of whom is a selfish worldling, a girl who lapses from virtue, and successfully, until near the end, conceals her misdoing. This concealment is made possible by the devotion of the other, who sacrifices happiness and even good repute in the endeavor to save the erring sister's name from stain. The book is one of much simple strength and human sympathy.

Mr. Chambers has many admirable qualities as a novelist, and his work is always interesting, but the novel of character is not his affair. Consequently, the praise which is justly due his romantic inventions (even the most fantastical of them) and his fictions having a historical framework must be reluctantly withheld from "The Fighting Chance," which is a story of the idle rich in their favorite haunts. Here is a book without a single character who has ever done anything to justify his existence, without a worthy ideal of any kind to bestow upon it a genuine human interest. Of course there is a brave pretence of depicting this seamy phase of our society in such a light as to expose its snobbishness and corruption, but we cannot feel that the exposure is made in full sincerity. We have all the time a consciousness that the writer is quite as much concerned to show how intimately he knows the life of "the smart set" as he is to hold it up for reprobation. Even the novels of Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Ward give us something of this feeling, and the present work impresses it still more strongly upon us. The heroine is another Lily Bart, and the final triumph of love over worldliness in her case is rather a concession to romantic sentiment than the revelation of anything particularly admirable in her character. The hero is a semi-reformed drunkard whom the author's best efforts cannot succeed in making otherwise than superficially attractive. Such books as this play with the glittering surface of life, but have nothing to do with its deeper realities. If Mr. Chambers is well-advised he will return, after this unfortunate experiment, to his *métier* as a writer of historical romance and interpreter of the poetry of nature.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Studies in the mental growth of a little child.

Professor Major's "First Steps in Mental Growth" (Macmillan) is mainly a record of observations upon his own eldest son during the first three years of life. It is true, as the author says, that "one cannot undertake the arrangement of material of this kind without thinking about it," and in consequence more or less interpretation has been included. It is hard to say whether more data or more interpretation is the greater need of child-study just now; probably both must advance together. Until we have more trustworthy facts, theorizing is hazardous; and yet until we have some more definite lines of hypothesis the task of the observer is a blind one. So we may welcome all such work as this of Professor Major's, giving us the benefit of the observation of a trained psychologist at close range with his infant subject. We cannot, indeed, have too many such records. The author is in general remarkably sane and conservative in his inferences, and seems always on his guard against asserting the inner psychic event upon any but convincing evidence. He often takes the attitude expressed by his words on page 197: "But reflection will show that the case is not quite so clear as seems at first sight." Only by such vigilant caution may the psychologist hope to escape reading into the psychic state what is not there at all. The old ambiguity as to Imitation crops out in Chapter V. "The idea of a movement," we are told, "is already the beginning of that movement." True enough; but in the subsequent discussion it is not always remembered that it is the idea of a movement in *oneself*, and not the vision or image of a movement in another, that is the beginning of the movement. The refusal of the child to "imitate" various simple and apparently tempting acts (p. 129) is easily explained on this basis; seeing the father clapping his hands produces an idea of a movement, it is true, but no immediately dynamic or ideomotor idea. The most serious lack in the book seems to us to be the neglect of the will. Mere physical control is treated, of course, in the chapters on movements, drawing, imitation, play, language; but the beginnings of ethical control are slighted. Nor is this book alone in this regard, but in general little attention has been given by the psychologists of childhood to the origin and development of the disposition and the habitual moral attitude, especially such matters as habits of obedience and disobedience, cheerfulness, activity, affection, and the like. On the whole, Professor Major's book is one of the safest and most fruitful of its class.

Essays worth preserving.

Collected and reprinted book-reviews too often have this, and this only, in common with life: that they are "as tedious as a twice-told tale, vexing the dull ear of drowsy man." Hence the satisfaction with which we hail such exceptions to the rule as are found in

R. H. Hutton's trenchant and vigorous book-notices, in Ainger's gentle and genial literary appreciations, and in Mr. Herbert Paul's able and scholarly surveys of current noteworthy publications. The volume entitled "Stray Leaves" (Lane) comprises ten essays contributed by Mr. Paul to "The Nineteenth Century" and "The Independent Review," six of them being criticisms of books, one a chapter in praise of Peacock's novels, one a strong plea for Greek but not for its compulsory study, still another having to do with "The Religion of the Greeks" — being suggested by Miss Jane Harrison's "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion" — and finally, though first in the order of position, a eulogistic sketch of the late Bishop Creighton. Journalism is dignified by such pens as Mr. Paul's — none too numerous, unfortunately. Biography, and history too, have received no mean contributions from his scholarship and energy. In the present volume of miscellanies there is something ingratiating in the way he disclaims all erudition in Greek language and literature, and then goes on to show a great deal of curious and special knowledge in matters relating to his theme, as in the Greek scholarship of English writers from Bentley to Browning. He has no fear that Greek literature will fall into neglect unless the study of it be kept up by compulsion. Here he sounds a brave note. But he sadly errs in declaring very roundly that "the study of Greek is time thrown away unless it results in a familiarity with the style and idiom of the Greek writers from Homer to Theocritus, at least equal to an educated Englishman's acquaintance with French." Must we easy-going scholars, who delight to sit down with our "Iliad" in one hand and our "Autenrieth" in the other, believe that we are wasting our time, and that we might as well be reading Pope's epic of the same name? No, indeed. FitzGerald loved the very lexicon he thumbed so thoroughly in reading his favorite "Don" in the original Spanish. Cannot we too get a smack of the true Homeric flavor by aid of grammar and dictionary? Nay, more, is there a Greek scholar in all England, or in all Europe, who can read a tragedy of Æschylus as easily and as rapidly as a tragedy of Corneille or Racine? Apart from this absurd notion as to the uselessness of a little Greek, Mr. Paul has written a good book.

The creative imagination.

Man does not live by bread alone; and the spicing or the garnish of the relish that makes his diet palatable and even sustaining is furnished by the imagination that both guides and vivifies the steps of his intellect. Inspiration at the highest, originality or initiative at the simplest, puts the cutting edge on our faculties and shapes our several achievements to their several ends. To fathom the inner nature of this phase of human endowment has ever been an alluring and ever will remain a legitimate problem in the psychologist's programme. Professor Ribot, well known for his interesting popularizations in diverse

fields of the mental domain, has focussed his materials and his methods upon the task of presenting the rôle of the imagination in the intellectual endeavor; and the essay has tempted the translator to render accessible the data to English readers in a volume entitled "The Creative Imagination" (The Open Court Publishing Co.) The analysis, the development, and the types of this faculty occupy the serial enfoldment of the tale, and afford some insight into the sorts and conditions of its manifestations, from the myth-making tendencies of primitive man to the discerning and daring guesses of the well-equipped latter-day worker in science. The current of the analysis never runs very deep; and a great mass of interesting and pertinent detail is lightly touched upon and well marshalled, — quite enough to suggest that a more serious voyage of discovery along the same stream would be variously profitable. Yet the excursion fairly well meets its purposes, and offers suitable guidance to the average, or more than average, excursionist; though it suggests, as translations commonly do, that an independent tour designed to meet the precise needs and modes of travel of the Anglo-Saxon mind would be yet more successful. As a manual to a region well worthy of exploration, the volume may be recommended both in the original and in the present form. The psychologist welcomes such aids to the comprehension of his purposes, though he regrets that they so largely replace, rather than summarise, the more important records of the advancement of his pursuit.

Brittany is always an alluring subject for the pen of the descriptive writer and the brush or pencil of the artist.

This ancient province, with its forbidding coast tortured into a thousand fantastic shapes, its wild hilly inland districts, with their foaming torrents, streams, and rivulets, its barren wind-swept moors and heaths, with their ponds and marshes, is essentially different from the rest of France. The Britons, moreover, have ever kept themselves a race apart, intermarrying as a general rule amongst themselves only, speaking their own language, now broken up into several dialects, and clinging with almost pathetic devotion to traditions and customs long since abandoned elsewhere. In the opinion of many scholars, it was amongst the glades and oak-groves of the primeval forests of Brittany that was first evolved the Arthurian romance that has exercised so great an influence over modern literature and art. King Arthur himself, the greater number of his knights, the mighty enchanter Merlin and the fair Vivien who wrought his ruin, are all supposed to have been of Briton birth; and not so very long ago any presumptuous skeptic who should have dared, in certain districts of Brittany, to scoff at the legend of the Holy Grail, would have been in danger of rough treatment at the hands of the natives. In fact, the Britons still retain the poetic imagination of childhood; they live in an ideal world of their own, and are proud of the limitations which

are counted to them by outsiders as a reproach. Thus, to the student of folk-lore, as well as to the archaeologist, the historian, and the artist, this land of many memories offers an inexhaustible field. The latest of its explorers to put the results of their travels and observations into a volume are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Bell, Mrs. Bell furnishing the descriptive matter and her artist husband the pictures for the handsome work entitled "Picturesque Brittany" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). To journey through this romantic region with such accomplished guides is indeed a privilege, and the twenty-six illustrations are a gallery of choice color to which one enjoys turning again and again.

*The history
of a famous
disputed election.*

Mr. Paul Leland Haworth's book on "The Disputed Hayes-Tilden Election of 1876" (Burrows Brothers) is the first adequate history of "the most memorable electoral controversy in the history of popular government." Thirty years have passed since this remarkable contest; the chief candidates, most of the party managers, and all but two of the members of the Electoral Commission are dead, and most Americans have no personal recollection of the events described. Mr. Haworth is therefore correct in believing that the time has come when its history may be written impartially, and judgment passed without prejudice. The book bears evidence of painstaking research and study. Besides more than 20,000 pages of Congressional documentary evidence, the author has drawn his material from a variety of other sources, and has personally interviewed the more prominent survivors who figured in the controversy. He reviews the political situation at the close of the Reconstruction Period, and describes the demoralization which brought about the revolt in the ranks of the Republican party and culminated in the Democratic triumphs of 1874 and 1876. He discusses in detail the violence and intimidation which marked the elections of 1876 in Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana; draws a vivid picture of the excitement and intense strain which followed; summarizes the constitutional provisions for counting the electoral votes; reviews the precedents regarding the electoral count, and discusses the various schemes proposed by both parties for settling the controversy, the creation of the Electoral Commission, and the processes by which it reached a decision. Mr. Haworth's own judgment is that many regrettable things were done by both parties, but that the desperation to which the people of the South had been driven by the long period of misgovernment serves in a measure to palliate the violence and intimidation which they practised in order to carry the elections. This violence and intimidation was mild in most cases, although in some instances it was horrible beyond belief. Had there been a fair election, he asserts, in the disputed states, there is every reason to believe that all would have returned substantial majorities for Hayes, and that the Republican returning board, under the pressure of "visiting statesmen" from the

North, were guilty of the most irregular practices in throwing out votes to secure the election of a ticket which would have been successful with a fair and free vote. The act creating the Electoral Commission, he asserts, was, without a shadow of a doubt, one of the wisest pieces of statecraft ever evolved by an American Congress; the procedure and decision of the Commission on all the points before it was consistent and in accord with the law, and the American people ratified the decision by electing one of its members (Garfield) President.

*Idiosyncrasies
of noted men.*

Of books manufactured in cold blood and put upon the market at so much by the pound, we have every day an increasing number. Many of them are ingenious and amusing, others are of useful information all compact, and some contain things that are not so. Mr. John Fyvie's well printed and illustrated compilation entitled "Some Literary Eccentrics" (James Pott & Co.) has characteristics of the first two classes, and is not wholly free from those of the last. The opening chapter treats of a forgotten eighteenth-century author highly commended by so distinguished a critic as Hazlitt. Thomas Amory, whose chief work was that strange hodge-podge of a novel called "John Bunce," is styled by Hazlitt the English Rabelais, as Mr. Fyvie takes occasion to remind us. In a later chapter, Hazlitt himself comes in for consideration as one of the eccentrics, which may seem the more natural and fitting after his hyperbolic praise of Amory. The author, in recording the visit of Hazlitt's father to America, says that "he founded the first Unitarian church in Boston, after the conclusion of the war, in 1783." But, if accuracy here is worth while, "The Monthly Repository," Vol. III., page 305, informs us that this dissenting minister arrived in Boston May 15, 1784; and that he so used his influence, especially by publishing a tract in confutation of the Thirty-nine Articles, that the congregation of King's Chapel, then under Dr. Freeman's liberal leadership, came out openly for Unitarianism; all of which may be found in Mr. George Willis Cooke's "Unitarianism in America," and elsewhere. The other eccentrics described are Thomas Day (of "Sandford and Merton"), William Beckford, Landor, Crabb Robinson, Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, the poet Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville. Among the not too familiar good things in the book occurs a curious illustration of the "scientific imagination." Babbage, the calculating machine, once capped the poet Rogers's story of having caught cold from mistaking a single-paned window for an open one, with the following: "When I go to the house of a friend in the country and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no nightcap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head I go to sleep imagining that I have a nightcap on; consequently I catch no cold at all." Taken for no more than it professes to be, the book is a good one; moreover, its chapters have already received the *imprimatur* of magazine

editors; and, finally, if it be true, as John Stuart Mill maintains, that eccentricity and strength of character often go together, these studies of some notable variations from the type are not beneath our attention.

*Tennyson as
seen by a child.*

Incurably shy of lion-hunters in his lifetime, Tennyson has since his death fallen victim to countless chroniclers of reminiscences of the poet, chiefly as seen (how often it must have been against his will) in his island retreat of Farringford. To this mass of Tennysonian, this parasitic growth that flourishes on the great man's fame without lessening its vitality, Mrs. Edith Nicholl Ellison has added "A Child's Recollections of Tennyson" (Dutton) in a pretty illustrated booklet that can be easily read at a sitting. Mrs. Ellison is the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster. In her childhood the family used to spend a week or two twice a year in the Isle of Wight, two miles from the Tennysons; and as the children of the two households were playmates, her opportunities to see the poet were many. Her childhood impressions of him, as recalled after an interval of half a century, are eked out with recollections of some of his friends, and with other not always closely related matters. The writer says incidentally of herself and playmates, "There were few of Tennyson's poems which we could not pour forth in moments of enthusiasm" — which would indicate that they were remarkable children. As a sample of the book's contents, let us close with the following anecdote, which is fraught with a deeper meaning. "One summer day he [the writer's father] arrived at his Freshwater home in high spirits, and almost immediately rushed off to see his poet friend. . . . My father smote him impetuously on the shoulder, calling out, 'Hullo! how are you?' The poet answered in a deep voice, and without even turning his head, 'Tired of life!' At this time, as it happened, Mr. Tennyson was particularly prosperous and fortunate in every way."

NOTES.

Charles Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, has written a book about her father and his work. It is called "The Comedy of Charles Dickens."

A new edition (the fourth) of Mr. C. T. Stockwell's "The Evolution of Immortality" is published by the James H. West Co.

Emerson's essay on "Compensation," with an introduction by Mr. Lewis Nathaniel Chase, is a pleasing pamphlet publication of the Sewanee University Press.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish a new edition of Maine's "Ancient Law," brought into touch with recent political science by a special introduction and notes supplied by Sir Frederick Pollock.

The Macmillan Co. publish an "Elementary Composition," by Miss Dorothea F. Canfield and Professor George R. Carpenter; also a text-book of "Exposition in Class-Room Practice," by Mr. Theodore C. Mitchell and Professor Carpenter.

North's translation of a group of "Plutarch's Lives" (Coriolanus, Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius), edited by Mr. R. H. Carr, is a recent publication of Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford Clarendon Press.

"Brooks's Readers," by Mr. Stratton D. Brooks, are a new series in eight numbers published by the American Book Co. They are easily graded, attractively illustrated, and altogether very acceptable in appearance.

"The Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Persons and Places," by Mr. John Denison Champlin, a work approved by a quarter-century of childhood use, is issued in a revised edition (the fifth), by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"Latinitas and Hellenismos," by Professor Charles Newton Smiley, is published by the University of Wisconsin, and is a study of the influence of the stoic theory of style as illustrated by the writings of a group of seven Latin authors.

"Book by Book," by a group of English theologians headed by the Bishop of Worcester, is a recent publication of the J. B. Lippincott Co. It is a series of popular studies upon the canonical books of the Bible, two volumes bound in one, covering respectively the Old and New Testaments.

Thomas Nelson Page's first long story, "On New-found River," is being published by the Scribners in a new and enlarged edition. Mr. Page has rewritten and added much new material to the story, making it almost entirely new. Illustrations have also been provided for it by J. E. Jackson.

A small treatise on "The Principles of English Verse," by Professor Charlton M. Lewis, comes to us from Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It is in the main a plea for common sense as opposed to metaphysics in the treatment of the subject, and many a bewildered reader of larger works will be grateful for the breath of fresh air that comes to them from these pages.

Four new volumes in the "Standard English Classics" of Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the following: Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," edited by Mr. James Weber Linn; Franklin's Autobiography, condensed by Mr. D. H. Montgomery, and introduced by Professor W. P. Trent; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited by Professor W. E. Simonds; and Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," with other poems, edited by Professors W. P. Trent and W. T. Brewster.

Part II. of the "Elementary Chemistry, Progressive Lessons in Experiment and Theory," by Messrs. F. R. L. Wilson and G. W. Hedley, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde. It is a handsome text-book of about four hundred pages. From the same publisher we have a reprint of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" (dated 1791), with Blake's illustrations and an introduction by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Frowde also sends us a new edition of Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song," an always acceptable book.

The preoccupation of Dr. Paul Carus with Chinese subjects, to which many recent articles in "The Monist" and "The Open Court" bear witness, has just produced two little books of much interest. One is the "Yin Chih Wen," or "Tract of the Quiet Way," and the other is the "T'ai-Shang Kan-Ying P'ien," or "Treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution." The translations are by Mr. Teitaro Suzuki and Dr. Carus, and the books come from the Open Court Publishing Co. From the same source we hear "Amithaba, a Story of Buddhist Theology," an original work by Dr. Carus.

Interest in the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám shows no signs of waning. Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press for early publication an entirely new version, prepared by Mr. George Roe. The little book is to be issued in beautiful style, uniform with Shirazi's "Life of Omar," published last Fall, and will be brought out simultaneously in England and America.

The "Pocket Edition" of Sir George Meredith's writings, published by the Messrs. Scribner, is now completed by the appearance of eight new volumes, six of which are novels, while one contains short stories, and one the poems. This neat edition of sixteen volumes is very satisfactory for its purpose, and its appearance betokens a gratifying increase in the popularity of one of our greatest living writers.

The Messrs. Crowell publish in their "Handy Volume Classics" a volume entitled "Excursions," selected from Thoreau, with Emerson's biographical sketch; Thoreau's "The Maine Woods," edited by Mrs. Annie Russell Marble; a volume of "Fireside Travels," by Lowell, with an introduction by Professor Trent; and Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with an introduction by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole.

A second edition, entirely re-written, of Mr. William Warren Vernon's "Readings on the Inferno of Dante," based upon Benvenuto da Imola and other authorities, is published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. There is an introduction by Dr. Edward Moore, and the work occupies, as before, two dumpy volumes. The paper is thinner than in the previous edition, and the price somewhat reduced. We need hardly add that this is one of the indispensable works for the student of the Italian poet.

Following closely upon the announcement of the President's intended visit to the site of the Panama Canal comes the announcement of another new book on the subject. This one is from Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, and its title is "Panama and the Panama Canal." However, it is said to be unlike its predecessors, but is believed to be the first complete history of the four centuries of canal agitation and attempts at creation available in any language. Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, the author, since de Lesseps's time has been a close student of and frequent writer on Isthmian Canal affairs. He has been on the spot with Secretary Taft, to whom by permission the book is dedicated.

A luxurious new edition of Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography will be issued shortly by Brentano's. An edition in handsome form has long been needed. This one has been planned to meet the requirements of both the student and the collector. The two volumes have been made at The Merrymount Press. The decorative title-page has been designed by Mr. Thomas Maitland Cleland, and the cover is adapted from a design by Mr. Laurence Housman. There are forty illustrations, reproductions in photogravure of Cellini's own sculptures and of portraits by Titian and others of personages mentioned in the Autobiography. The translation used is that produced by the late John Addington Symonds, the historian of the Italian Renaissance, who had an enthusiasm for autobiographies and made his version of Cellini's famous book a labor of love. Symonds's notes and his sketch of the author are included in this edition, for which a special introduction on Cellini as an artist and as a writer has also been prepared by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the literary editor and art critic of the New York Tribune.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 155 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Reminiscences of Childhood and Youth.** By George Brandes. 8vo, pp. 396. Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Queen Louise of Prussia.** By Mary Maxwell Moffat. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, pp. 323. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Walt Whitman: His Life and Work.** By Bliss Perry. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 318. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, with a History of the Events of his Time.** By William W. Ireland. With portraits, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 604. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop.** By the Rt. Rev. D. S. Tuttle. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 498. New York: Thomas Whittaker. \$2. net.
- Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops.** By Henry Codman Potter. With photogravure portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 225. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- John Calvin: The Organizer of Reformed Protestantism, 1509-1564.** By Williston Walker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 454. "Heroes of the Reformation." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
- A Sailor of Fortune: Personal Memoirs of Captain B. S. Osbon.** By Albert Bigelow Paine. 12mo, pp. 332. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20 net.
- Campaigning with Grant.** By General Horace Porter, LL.D. New edition; illus., 8vo, pp. 546. Century Co. \$1.90 net.
- The Life of Alfred de Musset.** By Arède Barine; done into English by Charles Conner Hayden. With portrait, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 176. Edwin C. Hill Co. \$1.50.

HISTORY.

- The Canadian War of 1812.** By C. P. Lucas, C.B. With maps, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 267. Oxford University Press. \$4.15.
- The Great Revolt of 1881.** By Charles Oman, M.A. With maps, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 219. Oxford University Press.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Books, Culture, and Character.** By J. N. Larned. 12mo, pp. 185. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1. net.
- Charles Dickens: A Critical Study.** By C. K. Chesterton. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 300. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Poetry of Chaucer: A Guide to Its Study and Appreciation.** By Robert Kilburn Root, Ph. D. 12mo, pp. 298. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Readings on the Inferno of Dante** based upon the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola and other authorities. Text and literal translation by William Warren Vernon; with Introduction by Edward Moore, D.D. In 2 vols., second edition entirely rewritten; illus., 12mo, pp. 681. London: Methuen & Co. \$4.
- Edward Young in Germany: Historical Surveys, Influence upon German Literature, Bibliography.** By John Louis Kind, Ph. D. Large 8vo, pp. 188. "Columbia University Germanic Studies." Macmillan Co. \$1. net.
- Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln.** Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay; with Introduction by Richard Watson Gilder and others. Vols. VII., VIII., IX., X. New and enlarged edition; with photogravure portraits, large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Francis D. Tandy Co.
- The Oxford Treasury of English Literature.** Vol. I., Old English to Jacobean. By G. E. and W. H. Hadow. 12mo, pp. 356. Oxford University Press. 90 cts.
- Addresses of John Hay: A Collection of the More Notable Addresses Delivered by the late Secretary of State during the Last Years of his Life.** With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 300. Century Co. \$2. net.
- My Impressions of America.** By Charles Wagner; trans. from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 290. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1. net.
- The Americanism of Washington.** By Henry van Dyke. 16mo, uncut, pp. 72. Harper & Brothers. 50 cts.
- Historia Amoris: A History of Love Ancient and Modern.** By Edgar Saltus. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 278. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- Putting the Most into Life.** By Booker T. Washington. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 38. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.

The Happy Family. By George Hodges. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 59. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.

American Character. By Brander Matthews. With photographic portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 34. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.

Great Riches. By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D. With photographic portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 38. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

New Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith. Concluding vols.: *The Amazing Marriage*, Lord Ormont and his Aminta. Poems, Short Stories. 18mo, gilt tops. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., leather, \$1.25 net; cloth, \$1.

Dreamthorp: A Book of Essays Written in the Country. By Alexander Smith; with biographical and critical introduction by John Hogben. With portrait, 18mo, gilt top, pp. 281. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

Anatoria, and Other Lyrical Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 78. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.

Handy Volume Classics. New vols.: *Thoreau's The Maine Woods*, with Introduction by Annie Russell Marble; *Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn*, with Introduction by Nathan H. Dole; *Lowell's Fireside Travels*, with Introduction by William P. Trent; *Swinburne's Poems*, selected and edited by Arthur Beatty; *Thoreau's Excursions*, with biographical sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Pocket edition; each with frontispiece, 18mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per vol., 35 cts.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Night and Morning. By Katrina Trask. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 72. John Lane Co.

Trumpet and Flag, and Other Poems of War and Peace. By Edward Sydney Tylee. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 132. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar, with introductory essay on Ecclesiastes and the Rubáiyát. By William Byron Forbush. 8vo, uncut, pp. 165. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Treasury of Sacred Song, Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries. With explanatory and biographical notes by Francis T. Palgrave. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 375. Oxford University Press. Leather.

FICTION.

Sir Nigel. By A. Conan Doyle. Illus., 12mo, pp. 346. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

A Spinner in the Sun. By Myrtle Reed. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 399. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Disenchanted. By Pierre Loti; trans. by Clara Bell. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 361. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Saul of Tarsus: A Tale of the Early Christians. By Elizabeth Miller. Illus., 12mo, pp. 442. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

Don-a-Dreams: A Story of Love and Youth. 12mo, pp. 412. Century Co. \$1.50.

Casa Grande: A California Pastoral. By Charles D. Stuart. 12mo, pp. 367. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Caybigan. By James Hopper. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 340. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

The Court of Pilate: A Story of Jerusalem in the Days of Christ. By Roe H. Hobbs. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 332. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.

The Prince Goes Fishing. By Elizabeth Duer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 299. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 367. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Plow-Woman: A Story of Pioneer Life in the Northwest. By Eleanor Gates. 12mo, pp. 364. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Dunny. By Philip Verrill Mighels. 12mo, pp. 364. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 385. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

A Modern Madonna. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. 12mo, pp. 401. Century Co. \$1.50.

The County Road. By Alice Brown. 12mo, pp. 341. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The Song of the Pines. By Robert V. Mathews. Illus., 8vo, pp. 330. Edwin C. Hill Co. \$1.50.

Trafalcr: The Story of a Faithful Woman. By E. Temple Thurston. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 379. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.

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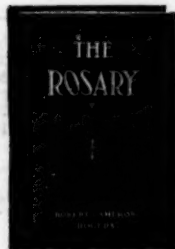
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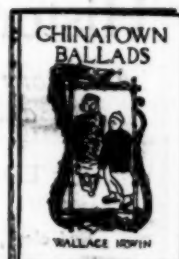
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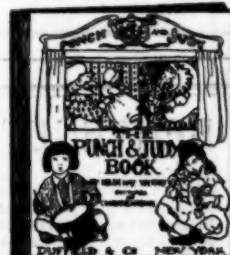
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